

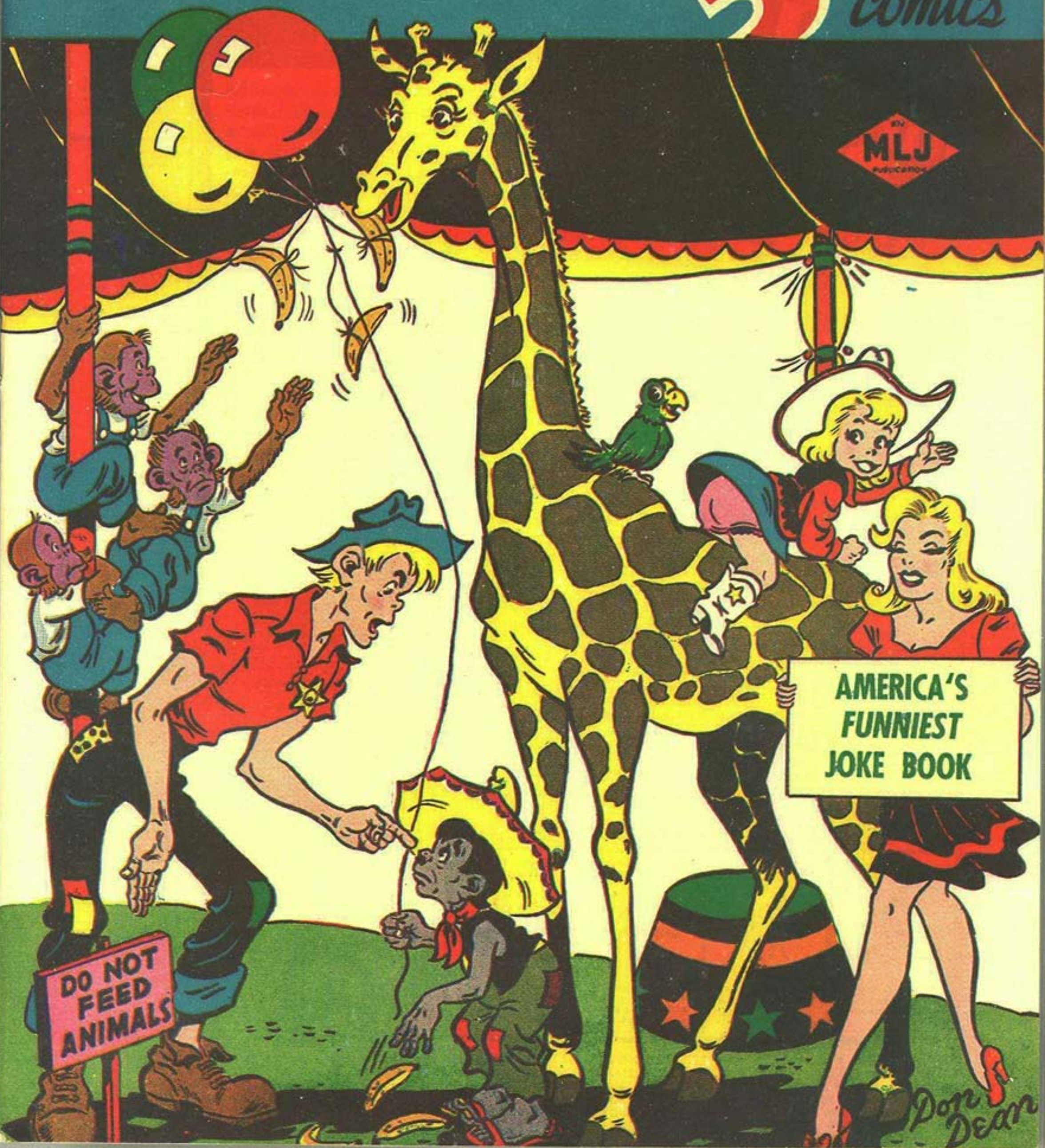
NO. 38

TOP-NOTCH

AUG. 10¢

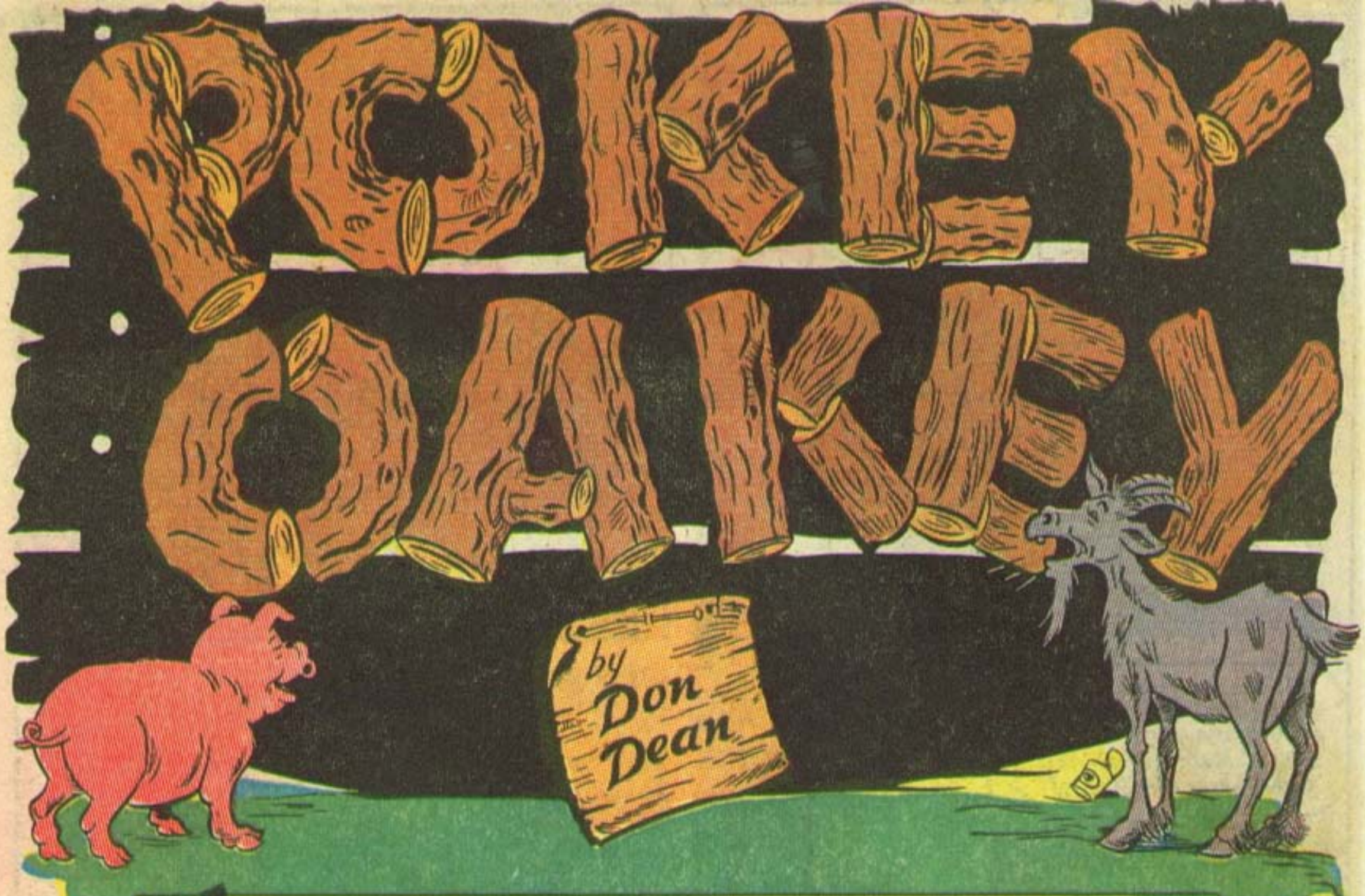
# Laugh

comics





# WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



IS THIS YOUR FIRST MEETING OF **POKEY OAKY**, THE HILL-BILLY SHERIFF? IF SO, IT IS ONLY FAIR TO EXPLAIN THAT AS A SHERIFF, POKEY WOULD MAKE A GOOD FARMER AND AS A FARMER HE WOULD BE THE TYPE TO FEED HIS COW **TOOTH POWDER** IN HOPES OF GETTING **DENTAL CREAM!!** SO NOW YOU HAVE IT!!



LOOKY THAR! HAIN'T THET SOMEONE GOIN' DOWN **MISERY LANE?**

YUP! AN' ET'S **POKEY OAKY!!** MOS' PROBABLY HE IS THE ONLY ONE IN THESE HYAR PARTS DUMB ENOFF TO TRAVEL ON A ROAD WIFF A **CURSE** ON ET!

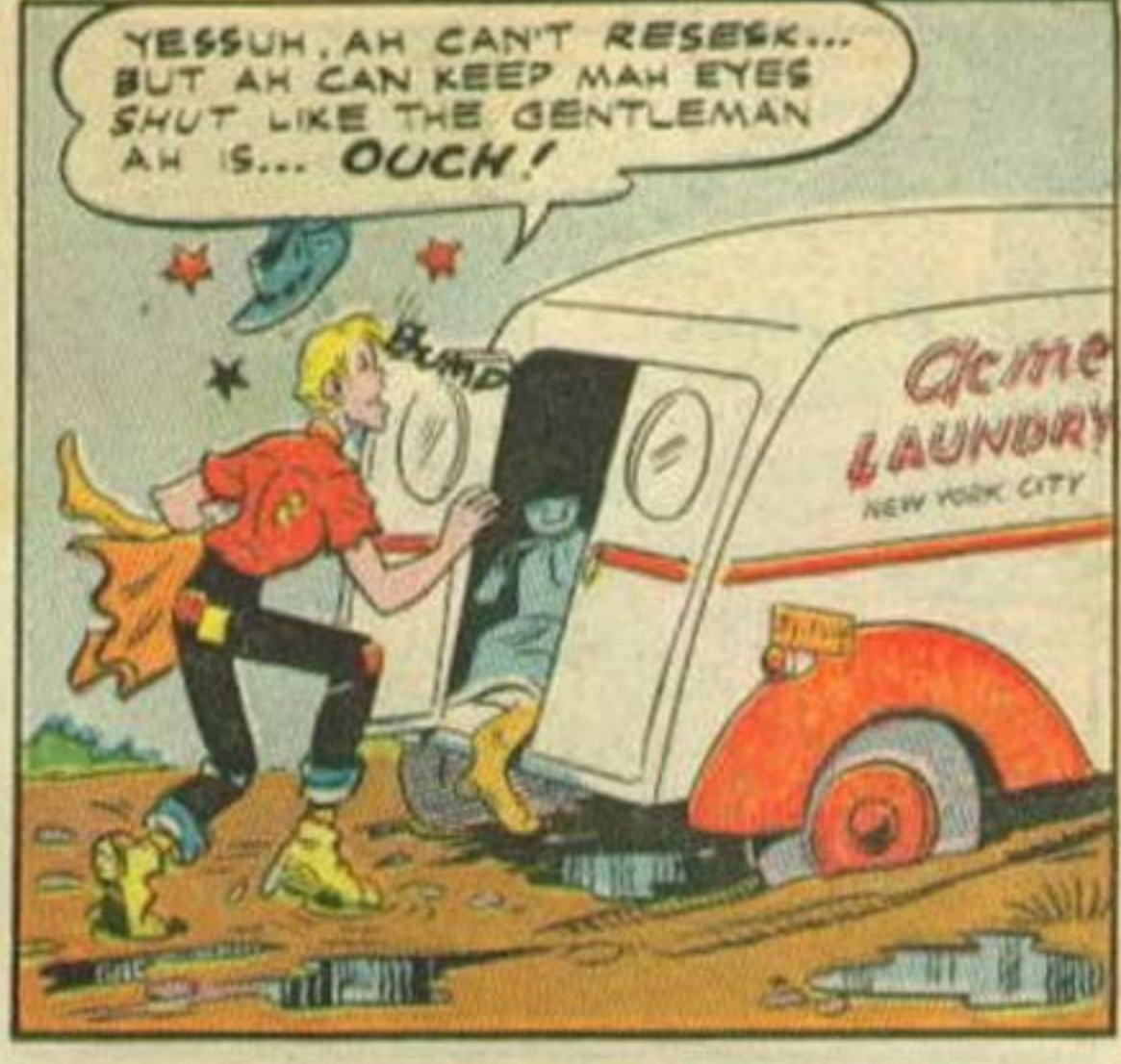


RECKON AH MUST BE GETTIN' NEAR THET STRETCH OF GROUND KNOWN AS '**MISERY LANE!**' **BRRRR...** THEY SAY THET HIM THET WALKS ON "**MISERY LANE**" IS IN FOR SHO 'NUFF **TROUBLE!** DAWGONE! THINK THEY WOULD PUT UP SIGNS OR SUM'PIN TO **WARN** A FELLAH!!





AH DON'T WANT TO GO NO FURTHAH DOWN THIS ROAD... BUT SOMPIN' SPOOKY KEEPS DRAWIN' ME ON.. AH BETTAH SHUT MAH PO' INNER-CENT YOUNG EYES YESSUH...



YESSUH, AH CAN'T RESECK... BUT AH CAN KEEP MAH EYES SHUT LIKE THE GENTLEMAN AH IS... OUCH!



..ER..A.A..PAWDON ME MA'M, FO BUMPIN' INTO YO TRUCK. BUT AH HAD MAH EYES CLOSED, 'CAUSE AH WUZ AXPECTIN' TO SEE A WOOMIN..HYAR AH WUZ THINKIN'...



WHAT DO I LOOK LIKE A MARINE?

YES..AH MEANS NO.. AH-AH IS SO CONFOUSED ..ANYWAY HYAR IS YO DUDS! THEY MUST HAVE BEEN FALLIN' OUTA YO LAUNDRY TRUCK!



AH SEE YO IS STUCK IN THE MUD! WANT ME TO GIVE YO A PUSH !!

DON'T BOTHER YOURSELF, SIR GALAHAD, ..BECAUSE I'M OUT OF GAS TOO !!



OOOH.. WHAT WILL BECOME OF ME.. ME AND MY LITTLE SON! (SOB)

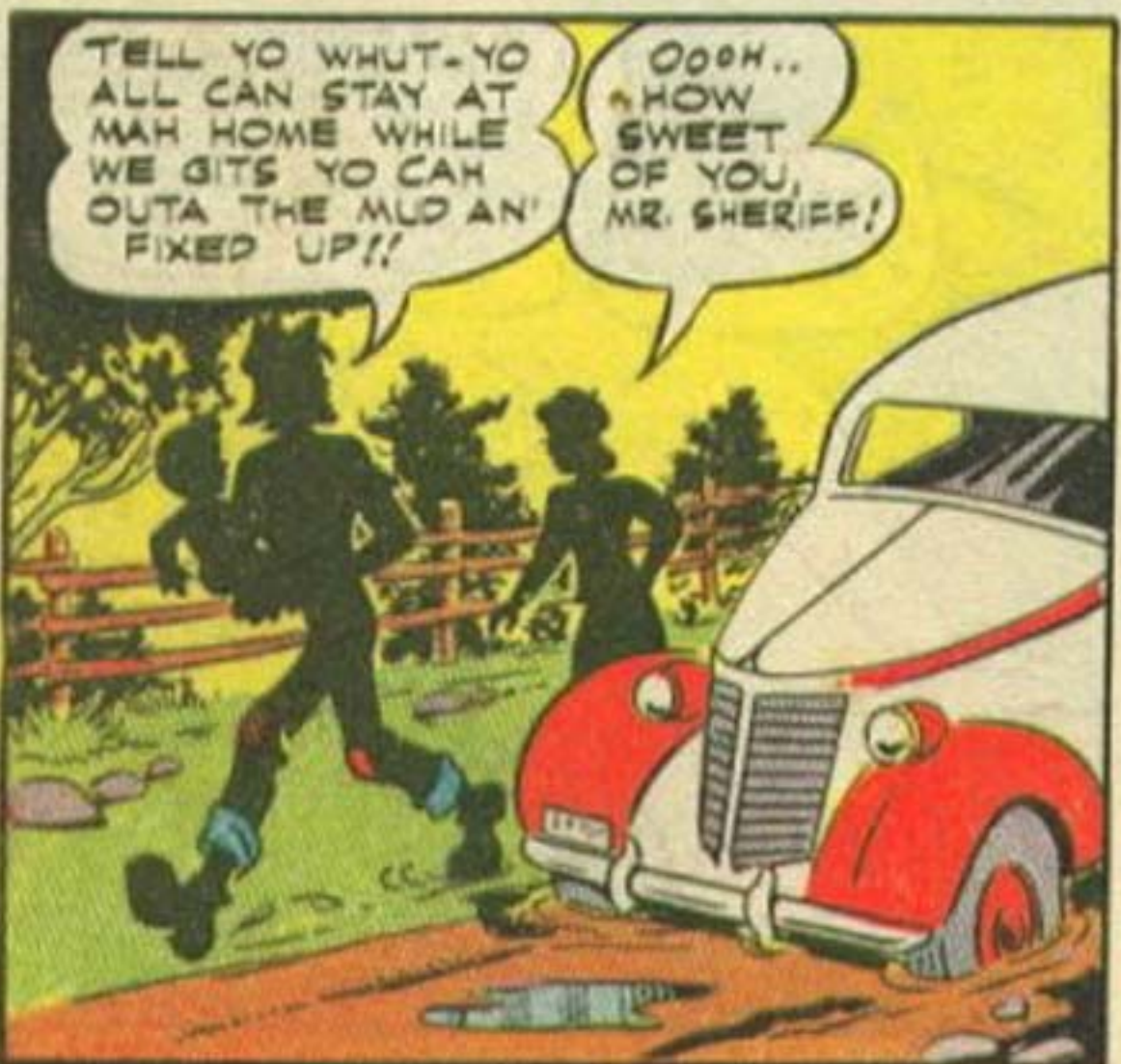
DOPE IT OUT YERSELF, BABE , IT WAS YER HOT IDEA TO LAM IN THIS DIRTY CLOTHES JEEP!!



TAKE THAT ROPE  
OUTA YOUR PUSS  
AND PLAY ALONG,  
YOU, JERK, IT'S  
OUR ONLY CHANCE!  
**BOOHOOO...**  
WHAT CAN I  
DOOOOO...



HMMM... LEMME THINK  
BUT FUST LE'S GIT OUTA  
HYAR.. FO ALL THE MISERY  
YO IS SUFFERIN'  
WE MUST BE ON  
**" MISERY  
LANE!"**  
(BRRE..SHUPPER!)



TELL YO WHUT- YO  
ALL CAN STAY AT  
MAH HOME WHILE  
WE GITS YO CAH  
OUTA THE MUD AN'  
FIXED UP!!

OooH..  
HOW  
SWEET  
OF YOU,  
MR. SHERIFF!



GOD-GOD,  
FUNNY  
MANS!

**EEOOW!** YO CHILE  
SHO PACKS SOME  
WALLOP, FO A  
BABY, LADY!

NOW,  
JOEY  
DARLING,  
NAUGHTY,  
NAUGHTY!  
MAMA  
SPANK!!



Wow!

OH THET'S AWRIGHT,  
LADY, AH LOVES KIDS  
ANYWAY. SAAY, WHUT'S  
**THET** DANGLIN' FROM  
YO WRIST???

OH!



W-WHY- WHY IT  
IS THE HAND-CUFFS  
FROM LITTLE JOEY'S  
G-MAN OUTFIT..  
WE WERE PLAYING  
AND -I-I COULDN'T  
GIT THEM OFF!





POKEY, YOU ARE A DARLING TO RID ME OF THOSE "BRACELETS!"

OH, SHUCKS T'WERN'T NOthin' MISS! OVAH YONDAH IS MAH HOME WHERE YO IS TO BUNK AT!!



AND WHO IS THAT QUAIN'T OLD CHARACTER CLEANING OUT YOUR CHICKEN HOUSE?

THEY HAIN'T NO KEER-ICK-TAH... THASS MAH MAMMY, AN' THEY IS OUR HOUSE! PURTY, HAIN'T IT??



WE JES' KEEP THE CHICKENS THAR IN THE HOUSE MAINLY 'CAUSE IT DOES AWAY WIFF RUNNIN' CLEAN OUT TO THE HENHOUSE FO' AIGS!!



HEY, POKEY!

JES' GO UP AN' MAKE YO'SELVES AT HOME.. AH'LL BE WIFF YO IN A MINUTE!

CRIPES, WOTTA PUMP!



THESE HYAR POSTERS WERE LEFT FO' YO AT THE JAIL-HOUSE! YO IS S'POSED TO TACK 'EM UP MOS' PROBABLY!

YUP! MOS' PROBABLY LE'S SEE'EM!



EEEE-OH!  
...GASP!!

DEAR READER, GRAB YOUR FRYING PAN AND RATION BOOK AND BE WITH US NEXT MONTH TO FIND OUT 'WHAT'S COOKING!'



# THE BLACK HOOD

MAN OF MYSTERY

## Menu OF DEATH



WHAT SUITS YOUR APPETITE TODAY? A LITTLE FELONY WITH A SPICE C MURDER? THE GOURMET IS SURE TO HAVE IT ON HIS MENU! FOR HIS SPECIALTY IS CRIME---A LA CARTE AND NO ONE WHO SUPS WITH THE GOURMET GOES HUNGRY! THE BLACK HOOD MEETS HIS STRANGEST ANTAGONIST IN THE MAN WHOSE SINGLE PASSION WAS FOR FOOD! FROM APPETIZER TO ENTREE IT'S A BATTLE AS FAST PACED AND PERILOUS AS ANY IN THE BLACK HOODS CAREER--- AND HE NEEDS ALL HIS WIT AND SKILL TO MAKE THE CLEVER CRIME CHEF GET HIS JUST DESSERT!

AT A FASHIONABLE RESTAURANT TABLE, A STRANGE LITTLE MAN FINISHES HIS DINNER---

EXCELLENT! THE FROG'S LEGS IN NORMANDY SAUCE WERE PARTICULARLY GOOD!

I'M SO GLAD, SIR! WILL YOU PAY THE CHECK NOW?

A TRIFLING SUM FOR SO MAGNIFICENT A FEAST! BUT I CANNOT PAY IT! I HAVE NO MONEY AT ALL!

SO? WE HAVE WAYS OF DEALING WITH PEOPLE LIKE YOU!

I SHALL BE GLAD TO GIVE YOU AN I.O.U. AS SOON AS MY FINANCES ARE SOMEWHAT BETTER...

YOU'LL PAY NOW-- IN CASH! OR I'LL CALL THE POLICE!

AT A NEARBY TABLE KIP BURLAND AND HIS FIANCEE, BARBARA SUTTON, OVERHEAR THE ARGUMENT--

THAT POOR MAN CAN'T PAY HIS CHECK! KIP, ISN'T THERE SOMETHING YOU CAN DO?

I DON'T SEE WHY NOT!

I'LL PAY THIS MAN'S CHECK!

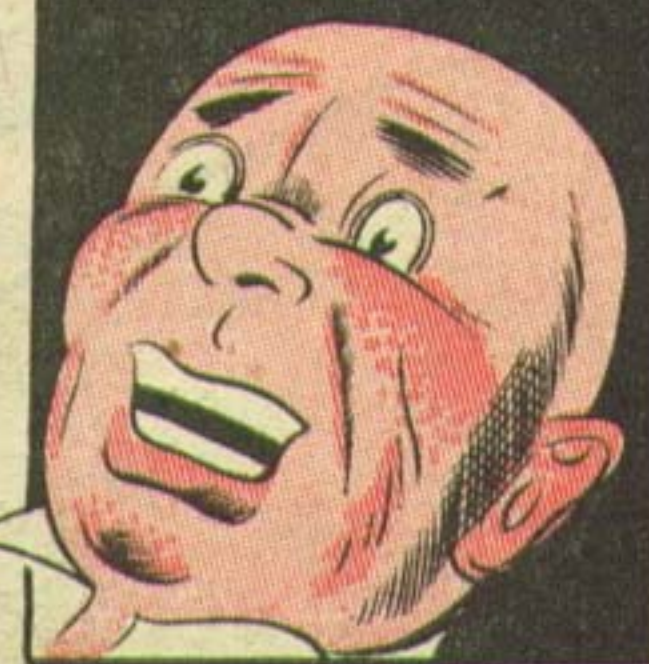
OF COURSE, MR. BURLAND! WE DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS A FRIEND OF YOURS!

I'M CAPABLE OF SETTLING MY OWN BILLS, SIR!

I'LL CONSIDER THIS A LOAN! GIVE ME YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS AND I'LL RE-PAY YOU AS SOON AS I AM IN FUNDS!

WHY! ALL RIGHT, IF YOU REALLY WANT TO!

I INSIST! A MAN WITH MY FONDNESS FOR FINE FOOD SHALL NOT REMAIN LONG IN POVERTY! INDEED, THIS MEAL WAS MEANT TO FORTIFY ME FOR MY--ER-- FUTURE ENDEAVORS!





A QUEER CHAP!  
I WONDER IF  
I'LL EVER  
SEE HIM  
AGAIN!

SO  
LONG!

THAT QUESTION IS NOT LONG IN BEING ANSWERED! NEXT DAY, A CURIOUS PROCESSION WENDS ITS WAY DOWN A CROOKED BOWERY STREET----



THE MISSION IS  
DIRECTLY  
AHEAD!

SORRY, GENTLEMEN!  
THE MISSION  
ISN'T OPEN  
DAYTIMES!

WE'RE FROM  
THE IDLE HOUR  
RESTAURANT!  
THESE ARE CON-  
TAINERS OF SOUP FOR  
POOR UNFOR-  
TUNATES!



THE PLEASURE  
IS ALL OURS!

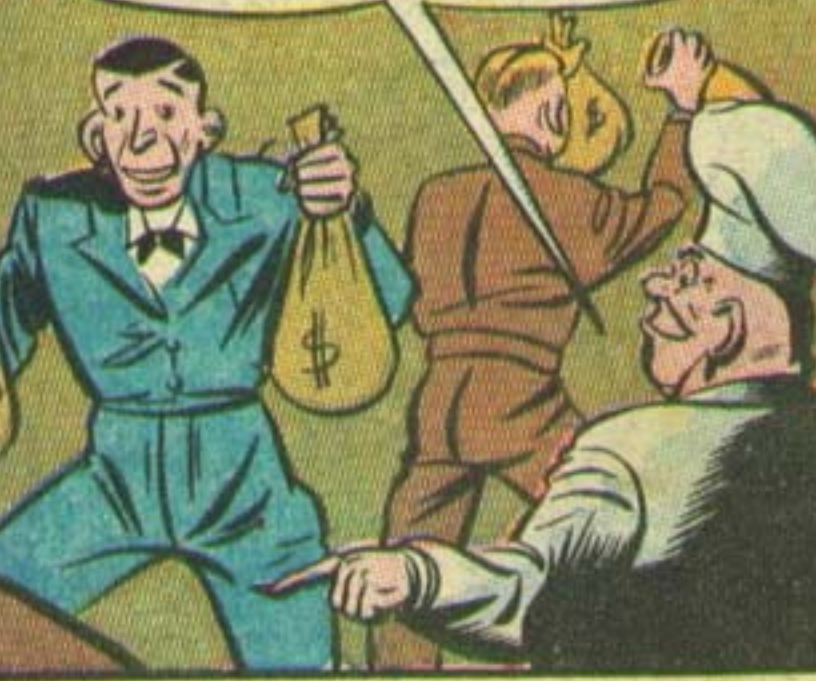
COME RIGHT IN! WE'RE ONLY  
TO GLAD ---  
UHHH!

THE GOURMET AND HIS HENCHMEN WASTE NO TIME IN REVEALING THEIR TRUE BUSINESS---

NOW WE'LL PUT THE "SOUP" TO GOOD USE! THE CARETAKER DIDN'T KNOW THAT "SOUP" IS ALSO THE SLANG TERM FOR NITROGLYCERINE!



THOSE CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE POOR WILL MAKE A TIDY SUM! ONLY A CLEVER PERSON LIKE MYSELF COULD THINK OF FINDING WEALTH IN THE MIDST OF POVERTY!



**N**EXT DAY, IN BARBARA SUTTON'S APARTMENT-

3¢ **DAILY EAGLE** 3¢

# FOOD THIEVES ROB MISSION

## POSING AS WAITERS, MEN BRUTALLY ASSAULT CARETAKER- IN DARING ROBBERY!

YOU ASKED ME TO READ THE FOOD ROBBERY STORY TO YOU! AND YOU'RE NOT EVEN LISTENING!

I WONDER IF THERE ISN'T A CONNECTION BETWEEN THAT AND THIS PIECE OF PAPER!

SEE THE NOTE SCRIBBLED ON IT! IT'S SIGNED FROM THE GOURMET!

THIS MORNING I GOT A LETTER! IT CONTAINED THE EXACT AMOUNT I LOANED THAT MAN IN THE RESTAURANT! THE MONEY WAS WRAPPED IN THIS PIECE OF PAPER!

WHAT'S SO STRANGE ABOUT THAT?



**T**HAT NIGHT AS A PALATIAL SEA LINER HEADS OUT TOWARD THE OPEN SEA, THE **BLACK HOOD** KEEPS A CONSTANT VIGIL -----

A GOURMET IS A MAN WHO LOVES FINE FOOD! AND THAT MISSION ROBBERY WAS PULLED OFF WITH FOOD AS THE SYMBOL! IT'S JUST POSSIBLE THAT THE GOURMET INTENDS TO STRIKE AT THAT SHIP NEXT!

I'M GOING TO FIND OUT! THE BLACK HOOD IS GOING TO TAKE A SEA CRUISE-- AND NOT FOR HIS HEALTH!

IF THE GOURMET'S GOING TO SHOW UP, HE'LL FIND SOME UNEXPECTED COMPANY!

YOU THINK HE MAY BE THE MAN IN THE RESTAURANT!



SOON A WAITER PASSES UNOBSERVED AMONG THE GUESTS IN THE SHIP'S SALON ----

A CUP OF BOUILLON, MADAME? IT IS OUR CHEF'S OWN RECIPE!

YOU CERTAINLY GET SERVICE ON THESE NEW LINERS!  
THANK YOU!

SUDDENLY ---

OHH! MY STOMACH!  
I--I FEEL FAINT!



AH! THE DRUG I PUT IN THE BOUILLON DID ITS WORK QUICKLY!  
HURRY, MEN, AND TAKE THEIR VALUABLES!

BOY! THIS IS EASY PICKINGS, BOSS!

SORRY TO INTERRUPT THE BANQUET!



BUT THIS IS ONE TIME YOU DON'T GET THE SUGAR!

ALL YOU GET ARE THE LUMPS!

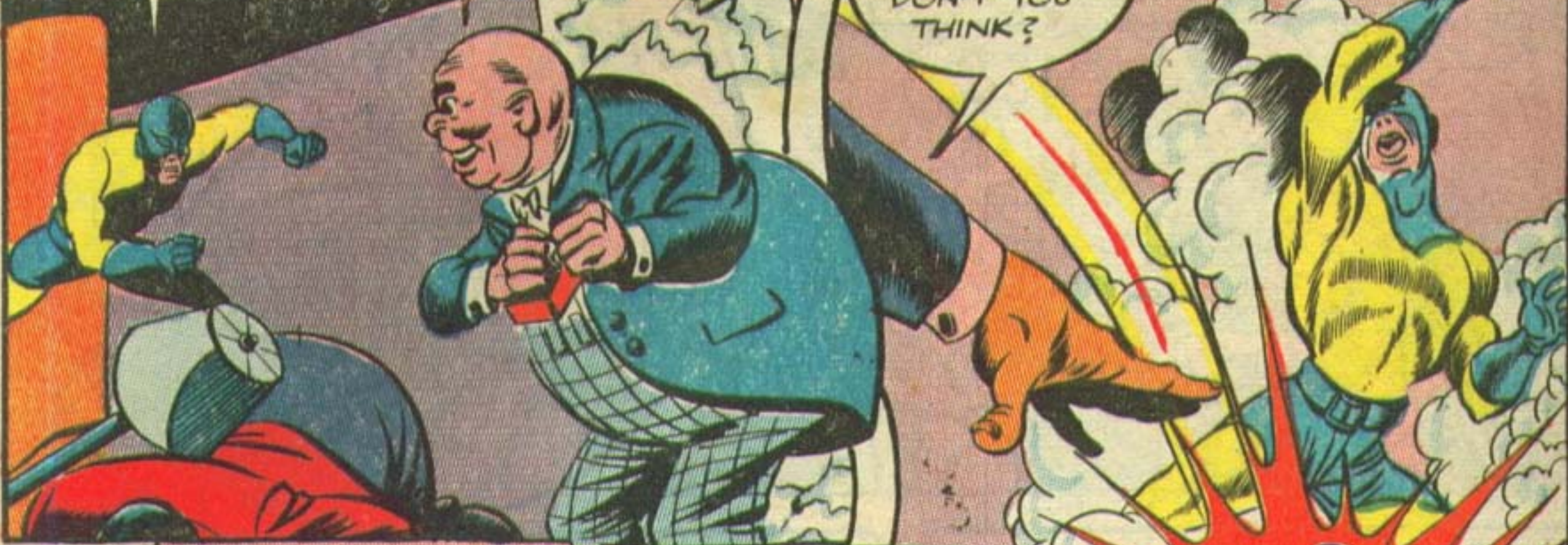


GOURMET,  
YOU'RE  
THE LAST  
ON THE  
MENU!

THESE VITAMIN  
PILLS ARE AN  
ADMIRABLE  
FOOD!

THE "VITAMIN PILLS" CRASH TO THE  
FLOOR AND A DEADLY SWEET GAS  
STOPS THE BLACK HOOD IN HIS TRACKS.

A CLEVER  
WEAPON,  
DON'T YOU  
THINK?



SECONDS LATER THE  
GOURMET AND HIS  
MEN ARE GONE ---

THE GOURMET IS  
FULL OF TRICKS!  
BUT HE CAN'T  
HAVE ESCAPED  
YET!

WHEW!  
I STILL  
FEEL  
DIZZY!



SWIFTLY THE MOTORBOAT CUTS IN  
TOWARD THE DOCKS WITH THE GOURMET  
AND HIS MEN UNAWARE OF THE LONE  
FIGURE DESPERATELY CLINGING TO  
THE TOWLINE ---

THERE HE GOES!  
BUT HE MADE ONE  
MISTAKE!

HE FORGOT  
TO PULL  
IN THE  
TOWLINE!



HERE'S WHERE WE PART COMPANY!



I'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO YOU, GOURMET! YOU TOOK CARE OF THE BLACK HOOD!

NATURALLY! NO ONE IS A MATCH FOR THE GOURMET!



COME, GENTLEMEN! YOU'VE EARNED A SUMPTUOUS REPAST! I WILL TREAT YOU TO A DINNER THAT WOULD TEMPT THE PALATE OF EPICURUS HIMSELF!

WHAT MOB DID HE BELONG TO?



JUST IN TIME!



THE BLACK HOOD LEAPS LIGHTLY TO THE ROOF OF THE CAR ----

I'M INVITING MYSELF TO THAT DINNER!



SOON AFTER, THE CELEBRATION FEAST BEGINS ----

GOSH! I NEVER TASTED NOTHIN' LIKE THIS BEFORE!

WHAT DO YOU CALL THIS, GOURMET?

YOU MIGHT CALL THIS YOUR LAST SUPPER!

AHH! I'VE BEEN POISONED!

YOU FOOLS! DID YOU THINK I WAS GOING TO SHARE MY PROFITS?

YOU DID THIS TO US, GOURMET!



YOU WON'T HAVE TO SHARE THE **NOOSE** EITHER!

YOU AGAIN?



HAVE SOME PHEASANT? NO, THANKS!



YOU TRY THIS!

TOO BAD THE OVEN ISN'T LIT! OR I'D HAVE TO **BASTE** YOU EVERY FIFTEEN MINUTES!

GAS I CAN'T BREATHE!



YOUR GOOSE SHOULD BE WELL COOKED BY NOW! I'LL TURN OFF THE GAS!



LATER, WITH THE GOURMET SAFELY IN PRISON ---

I CAN'T HELP WONDERING HOW THE GOURMET IS GOING TO LIKE THE FOOD THEY SERVE IN JAILS!

HE'LL PROBABLY GO ON A DIET -- BUT NOT FOR LONG -- WITH A **DEATH** SENTENCE HANGING OVER HIS HEAD!



KIP, YOU HAVEN'T EVEN TOUCHED THE CAVIAR! WON'T YOU TRY SOME?

ER--NO, THANKS! I'LL TAKE THE HAM-BURGER!





# Readers' Page

**E**VERYBODY WINS! NOBODY LOSES! ENTER THIS UNUSUAL CONTEST RIGHT NOW! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS SEND A SNAPSHOT OF YOURSELF AND A LETTER TELLING US WHICH CHARACTER YOU LIKE BEST IN TOP NOTCH LAUGH COMICS- AND WHY!

THE BEST LETTER WILL RECEIVE A LIFE-SIZE PORTRAIT AS SHOWN ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE!

ADDRESS YOUR LETTER TO TOP NOTCH LAUGH COMICS 60 HUDSON ST. R.M. 315 N.Y.C. BUT WIN OR LOSE, YOUR PICTURE WILL BE PUBLISHED AS SHOWN BELOW! -- AND HIS WINNING LETTER!

**THE WINNER!**



ROBERTA JONES  
1704 EAST ST.  
BOX 155  
ALTMAR, CALIF.

I think that Top Notch Laugh Comics should be highly recommended because they have so many interesting characters. However the character I like best is Senor Silita. He is very enjoyable and I like him alot because he is always getting into trouble with his partner. He is very funny and full of personality.  
Roberta

## HONORABLE MENTION



DEAN GADDIS  
1751 EUCLID AVE.  
KNOXVILLE, TENN.



BOB MILLIGAN  
839 ARMSTRONG AVE.  
KANSAS CITY, KAN.



MARY EDDINS  
BOX 574  
WADESBORO, N.C.



JOHN MELIA  
4 SPRUCE ST.  
METHUEN, MASS.



LUCY FANELLI  
28 SCRANTON ST.  
NEW HAVEN, CONN.



SAM MARX  
181 COURT ST.  
NEWARK, N.J.



NANETTE SACKETT  
1631 SUMMIT ST.  
COLUMBUS, OHIO



ISABELLE BYRON  
169 BORDEN ST.  
FALL RIVER, MI.



JOE CISNEROS JR.  
1505 JACKSON ST.  
BROWNSVILLE, TEX.



JOAN UTTARMARK  
MARION, WIS.

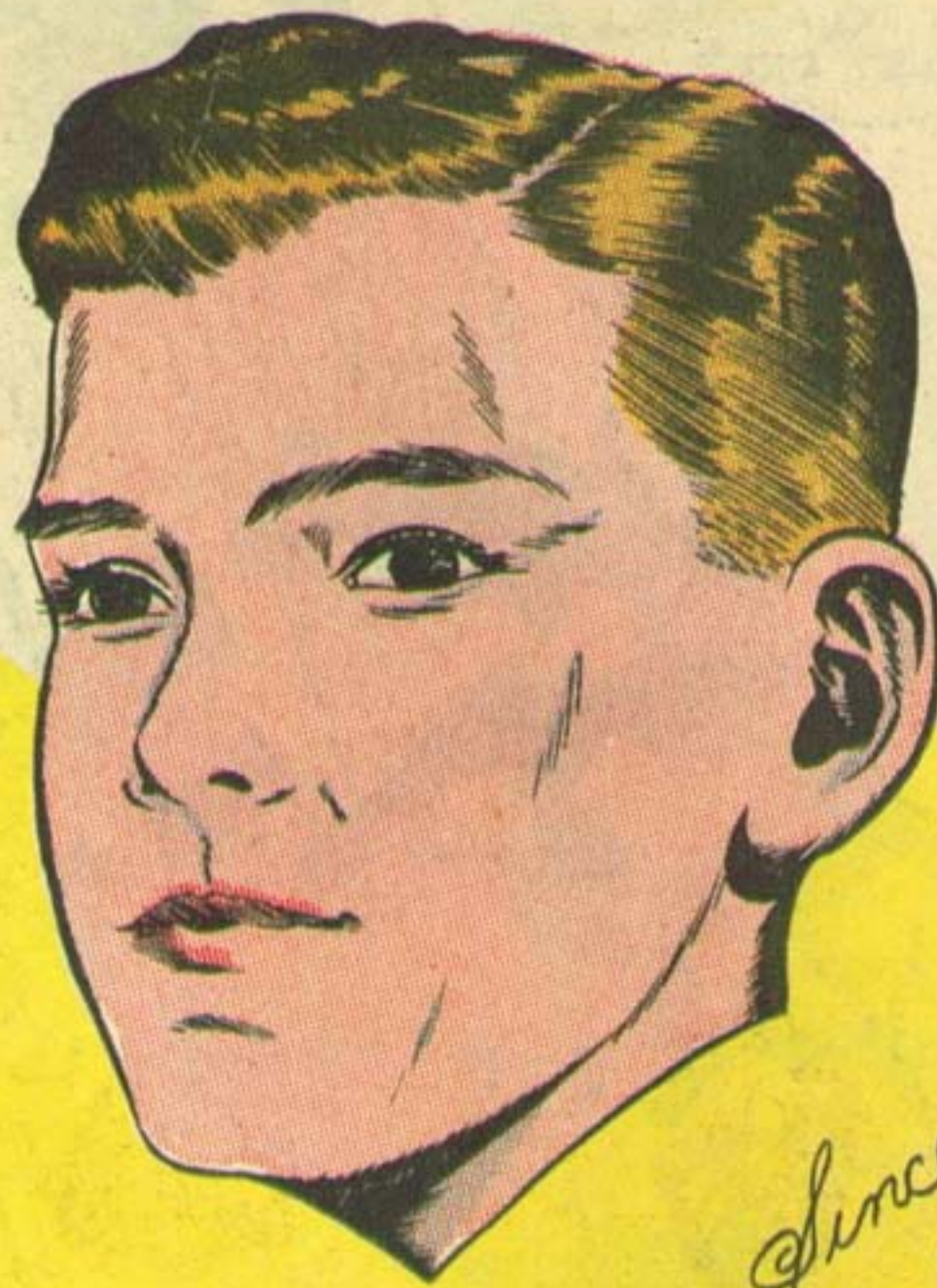


JAMES FUCETALA  
35 COLYMAN ST.  
NEWARK, N.J.



LOIS DOWLER  
CENTERVILLE, PA.

# WE PRESENT THE WINNER OF THE JULY 'LETTER CONTEST AND THE PRIZE!



*Sincerely,  
M.L.*

**ALAN PRUSAN**  
1372 E. 15<sup>TH</sup> ST. BROOKLYN, N.Y.

## HONORABLE MENTION (CONTINUED)



**JOE MARINO**  
456 SUMMER ST.  
PATERSON, N.J.



**DOLLIE HOLMS  
PERRY, LA.**



**LEE DUHON**  
518 SO. RENDON  
NEW ORLEANS, LA



**DELLA JONES**  
BOX 57  
DONNELLY IDAHO



**ERNEST FODOR**  
4847 DRUMMOND ST.  
EAST CHICAGO, IND.



**VIOLET BOGGESS**  
43 HOWARD LANE  
AKRON, OHIO



**LEONARD STINGER**  
RONAN, MONTANA



**JOAN DURHAM**  
LAKE VILLAGE,  
ARKANSAS

# THE FUTURE AND THE PAST

by HARRY ROSE

IT WAS a corpse, a shapeless mass huddled on the warm Tahitian sand. It lay a few feet off shore, black and shriveled, untouched by swells.

I ran to it, knelt, and took a brief glance. There was little doubt. Several days—perhaps a week it had lain there. I was a doctor and knew death when I saw it.

The body bore no external marks. The cold, discolored face was sunken, unrecognizable. Death, from all appearances, had resulted from drowning.

Rising, I looked both ways along the beach. Back of me was the lazy curve of the shore line, my footprints, and in the distance the village. Before me was a lagoon, beyond it an arching cliff. But to the right, nestled in a thick foliage past the sand was a shack, charred and broken.

I stared at it, trying to assemble my thoughts. A body washed upon the shore, for days lying unnoticed on the dry, sunbeaten sand. And the cabin—it was inhabited, for as I watched the crude wooden door opened and a man emerged. He saw me and stood still, watching.

I looked down at the huddled form again, then turned for the shack. But I saw something in the sand and stopped short. It was a faint, misshapen scrawl, etched on the beach a few inches from the head of the corpse, and it said simply: Don't go.

A message. Whether or not it was complete I couldn't tell,

Nor had I any notion of what it might mean. But it was there in the sand, and it said, "don't go."

Perplexed, I moved on up the beach to the shack. I was watched carefully by a tall, thin personage, white, shabbily dressed, and a little hawk-nosed.

He put his hands in his pockets and said: "You're from the village?"

I nodded, "I'm its one and only physician. I was strolling and came upon that corpse. Haven't you noticed it?"

"No. A corpse, eh?"

"You live here?"

He nodded.

"Don't you ever come out?"

"For air—yes." He breathed deeply and glanced at the sky. "May rain tonight." He turned his back and started for the door.

"Look," I said, following him, "there's been a body out there for almost a week and you haven't paid any attention to it. Doesn't that—"

"Had I known it was a corpse," he said drowsily, "I wouldn't have gone near it. That's something that weakens me."

I started to say something, but the words didn't come out. I was in the cabin doorway, my gaze frozen on a strange mechanism that all but filled the shack's interior. Such an affair as I had never seen before. Actually, it was indescribable, a twisted, perplexing heap of machinery.

"What's that?" I gasped, "an invention?"

The tall fellow turned and faced me. "In a way."

"But—if it isn't an invention—what is it?"

"A machine."

For a moment I was lost in bewilderment. "Who are you?" I asked, "and what is this—apparatus? What does it do?"

The other rolled a cigarette slowly, and lit it. Then he said: "I'm August Wharton—a scientist, so to speak. This is my work—my life devotion. It's a machine."

"I know—obviously it's a machine. But what's it for?"

He smiled. "I don't know yet. If it does what I think it will, its purpose could be for many things."

I stepped closer, trying to make sense out of the affair. But the thing wasn't to be understood by a doctor. To me, it was like a new language.

"Tahiti," I muttered, "is a funny place for this sort of thing. How long have you been—"

"Seven months. I'm finished now. Only a few experiments remain."

I stood there awhile, completely amazed.

Suddenly I remembered the corpse on the beach, and a few duties to perform. I hurried out, promising to return.

Natives rowed the body up shore to the village. Forbes, an assistant of mine, provided transportation to my quarters, where we awaited the arrival of authorities.

I told Forbes the story, and included Wharton.

"The name is familiar," he mused. "I believe the natives mentioned him not so long ago. Someone discovered the cabin and made an investigation. There was talk of this—machine."

"I can't understand it," I said. "It's the strangest affair I've ever seen—yet it must have some purpose. Wharton seems to know what he's doing, but doesn't care to discuss it. And the dead man—Wharton completely avoided him."

"Shut-ins get that way," said Forbes, "especially in Tahiti."

"Possibly. But I'm not satisfied with things. I'm going back. Care to come along?"

"No. I want to be in on the autopsy."

"That's an idea. Keep your eyes open."

The sun had disappeared behind clouds, veiling the shack and the winding shore line in a gray gloom. A swell formed and lapped across the beach, seeping into the damp sand a few feet from where I stood.

I was looking down at the dim outline left by the corpse, and the simple, meaningless "don't go". I wondered for a moment about the message—and the machine.

Then I turned and hurried to the cabin and flung the door back. I all but tripped in my amazement.

The shack was bare—the machine was gone and Wharton apparently had gone with it. All that remained was a battered chair, a desk, and a notebook.

Shaking a little, I took the

notebook outside, knelt on the sand and began turning the dusty, half-torn pages. Here, perhaps, was the answer, or a clue.

I came upon a penciled script, and read at random:

"April 9. Framework completed. Must stop to await arrival of last shipment from Hawaii. Progress normal."

I turned a page.

"May 12. Storm receding. Progress slowed in view of exterior work necessary on cabin."

"May 21. Visitors last night. Natives, perhaps, whose curiosity overcame them. No harm to the apparatus, though future precaution may be of value."

Another page.

"June 4. Final touches completed. Had another visitor—a white man—first to see the machine. In a few moments I shall experiment, before he returns. He discovered a corpse on the beach, and when he left I investigated. There was a strange scrawling in the sand which I did not understand. However, it is none of my concern . . ."

Running footsteps interrupted me. I looked up, and Forbes, puffing and wildeyed, came to a halt.

"The queerest," he panted, "case we've seen. At the autopsy—they took fingerprints—the corpse is Wharton!"

"Wharton! But I saw him in the cabin—at the same time!"

"I know—but the prints don't lie—the fellow is Wharton!"

"That's crazy," I growled. "One man can't be in two places—" I paused, remembering the script. "Wait. There's more to this diary."

We read the last entry:

"Everything is in good order. My only danger lies in the rotation of the earth. If my theories are wrong, I may land in the ocean. If not, I will be transported safely seven days into the past . . ."

The same thought came to both of us. A time traveller!

Suddenly it was clear. Wharton had left for the past, had landed in the ocean, and had swum ashore. The corpse—had it been recognizable—

I sat there in a stupor, unable to move. "That's it," I managed at length, "Wharton became the corpse after his time journey. You see, Forbes—the cabin is empty." I handed him the diary, and he read the last page.

Then he stood there a moment, thinking. "My God!" he exclaimed. "I see it all now. The message in the sand. He was going to warn himself, but he didn't finish—don't you see?"

"What are you babbling about?" I demanded.

"Look—the diary says Wharton saw the message before he left. So, when he swam ashore and fell exhausted on the beach, he began writing, but stopped because he remembered seeing the message before. It fits perfectly—"

"What fits? What do you mean?"

"That's right, I didn't tell you. Wharton's death wasn't caused by drowning or exhaustion. It was caused by the fact that after he had scrawled two words in the sand, he remembered that the message had ended there, and that he was going to become the corpse. The autopsy explains that. He died of heart attack."

# SEÑOR SIESTA

by  
Don  
Dean

IT SEEMS IN EACH MONTH'S STORY, SOMEBODY, SOMEWHERE, SOMEHOW IS ALWAYS ATTEMPTING TO ANNIHILATE LITTLE SEÑOR SIESTA! WHEN THE CURTAIN ROLLED DOWN LAST ISSUE, POOR SIESTA WAS TO BE THE INNOCENT VICTIM OF A "NECKTIE" PARTY!...





NOW, SCRAMA BEFORE I MAKE THE MEENCE MEAT WEETH YOU!!!

VER' WELL, BOOT YOU HAVE JOOST CHEATED THE DEVIL OUT OF A GOOD CUSTOMER!



NOW, M'FRAN, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO JOIN MY ARMY??

AFTER WHAT YOU HAVE JOOST DONE FOR ME, HOW CAN I SAY NO.?



SPLENDIDO!! I, THE GREAT GENERAL GUSTAVO HEREBY SWEAR YOU EEN TO THE RANKS OF GUSTAVO'S GUERRILLAS INC. AS A PESO PRIVATE!



SIESTA ONLY THE BRAVEST OF MEN ARE EEN MY BAND! WOULD YOU DIE, FOR YOUR COUNTRY??

SI, SI, GENERAL, BOOT I WOULD RATHER MAKE SOME OTHER HOMBRE DIE FOR HIS!!



SOON, WE WEEL ARRIVE AT THE CAMP OF GENERAL GUSTAVO, THE GREAT!!

I HOPE YOU ARE A GENERAL WHO BELIEVES THE ARMY MARCHES ON EET'S STOOMACHE!



I AM SO HUNGRY, I COULD EAT A MANGY MULE!!

HO, HO, HO... THEN YOU WEEL LOVE MY ARMY, SENOR!.. WE HAVE EET EVAIR DAY!



HERE WE ARE, SIESTA!

VIVA GENERAL GUSTAVO!

BRAYO, GUSTAVO!



SNIFF, SNIFF... AH, THEES MUST BE THE KEETCHEN! WHAT EES ON THE MENU TODAY, COOKIE??

OH, THOUSANDS OF THEENGES, SENOR... ..BEANS!



LOOK HERE, SENOR COOK, EEF YOU WOULD PUT A LID ON THAT KETTLE, THERE WOULD BE LESS DUST AND DIRT EEN OUR FOOD, (PHOOR!)



CARAMBA!! YOU HAD BETTER LEARN YOUR PLACE, SIESTA! YOUR BISSNESS EES TO FIGHT FOR YOUR COUNTRY! SAVVY?!



SI, SI! I WEEL FIGHT FOR MY COUNTRY - BOOT DARNED EEF I WEEL EAT EET!!



PRIVATE SIESTA!! A GOOD SOLDIER DOES NOT LOSE HIS TEMPER! FOR THAT YOU WEEL GO ON K.P. DUTY!

SI, SI, GENERAL GUSTAVO! (GROAN..)







SIESTA, YOU STUPEED  
LEETLE PEANOOT,  
TODAY YOU SHALL  
DO **GUARD DOOTY**  
FOR 24 HOURS  
STRAIGHT!



THAT EES HOKAY,  
WEETH ME, SEÑOR  
GENERAL.. SO LONG  
AS I CAN HAVE THE  
**REST** OF THE DAY  
TO MYSELF!



NOW, PRIVATE SIESTA, THEES  
WEEL BE YOUR POST! **STAY**  
**AWAKE**, AND USE **STRATEGY!**  
YOU KNOW THE MEANING  
OF **STRATEGY**, DON'T  
YOU??



OH SI, SI, GENERAL!  
EET EES WHEN  
YOU RUN OUT OF  
AMMUNITION, **BOOT**  
KEEP RIGHT ON  
**FIRING!!**



**BAH**, SOOCH FOOLISH  
BIZZNESS! MY ARCHES  
ARE BECOMING AS  
**FLAT** AS MY WALLET!  
(GROAN...)



I WEEL JOOST SIT  
HERE EEN THE SHADE, AND  
KEEP WATCH ON MY POST! EET  
EES SO MUCH MORE SENSIBLE!  
THEES **INVASION** TALK EES  
JOOST SO MUCH COCKY. POP  
ANYWAY, DOZE-ZEEZ...



ISN'T THAT SOMEONE OVER BY THE TREE? STOP!!



HEY, YOU!! WAKE UP, WHERE IS..

H-H-HUH... WOW!



?

?

ZOOM



WELL, DID YA FIND OUT ANYTHING, JOE??

NAW, THE GUYS DOWN HERE MUST BE SCREWY WITH THE HEAT! DRIVE ON! ACME PRODUCTIONS 'SET' IS SOMEWHERE AROUND HERE??



PUFF PUFF.. I WOULD NOT BELIEVE EET BOOT I SAW EET WEETH MY OWN EYES! PUFF..



HA, A CAVE! THERE EES A GOOD SAFE HIDING PLACE..

**BUT** POOR SIESTA COULD NOT HAVE PICKED A WORSE SPOT! BE WITH US NEXT MONTH, WHEN SIESTA GETS THE THRILL OF HIS LIFE! ADIOS - AMIGOS!

# SNOOP M'GOOK

BY HUBBELL

NEXT A.M.

## THE SOUPY SLEUTH!

THE LONELY COUNTRY INN, WHERE SNOOP HAS TAKEN SHELTER, TURNS OUT TO BE A DEN OF THIEVES! HIDDEN IN THE FIREPLACE, SNOOP FOUND AN OLD TREASURE MAP, WHICH HE TOOK TO BED WITH HIM. --LATE THAT NIGHT, CURLY, ONE OF THE THUGS, SNEAKED INTO SNOOP'S ROOM IN SEARCH OF THE MAP, ONLY TO BE CONKED ON THE HEAD WITH A LAMP BY SNOOP'S SQUIRREL WALDO! THE REST OF THE NIGHT PASSES PEACEFULLY-----



HUSTLE UP,  
SLOW POKE!  
WE'LL GET THAT  
DOUBLE-CROSSIN'  
SKUNK!

ULP!  
S-SOME BODY  
ELSE IS IN THIS  
CLOSET! W-WHO  
ARE YOU?

THEY'RE  
GONE,  
GOOD!

G-G-G-GOSH!  
HE'S GOT A  
B-BIG IRON  
THING ON HIS  
HEAD! M-MABE  
IT'S ONE OF  
THEIR VICTIMS!

NOW THEN, BUD  
WHAT'S YOUR  
GAME? - WELL  
I'LL BE SWITCH-  
ED! A DIVING  
SUIT!

... AND SOME OLD  
CLOTHES! JUST  
WHAT I NEEDED!

THAT DIVER'S HELMET  
MAY COME IN HANDY  
TOO! ACCORDING TO  
THIS MAP THE  
TREASURE IS  
UNDER WATER!

NOW LET'S SEE ---  
SIXTY-ONE PACES  
NORTH ---- FORTY-EIGHT  
---- FORTY-NINE ---- FIFTY.

HOURS LATER--

I AIN'T NEVER  
WALKED SO FAR IN MY  
LIFE! THE GUY WHO DREW  
THIS MAP SURE MUST  
HAVE LIKED EXERCISE!

I OUGHTA BE  
PRETTY CLOSE  
NOW!







BACK SO SOON? HAVE ANY TROUBLE?

OFF... STOP TALKING SO MUCH AND GIMME A HAND, POP!

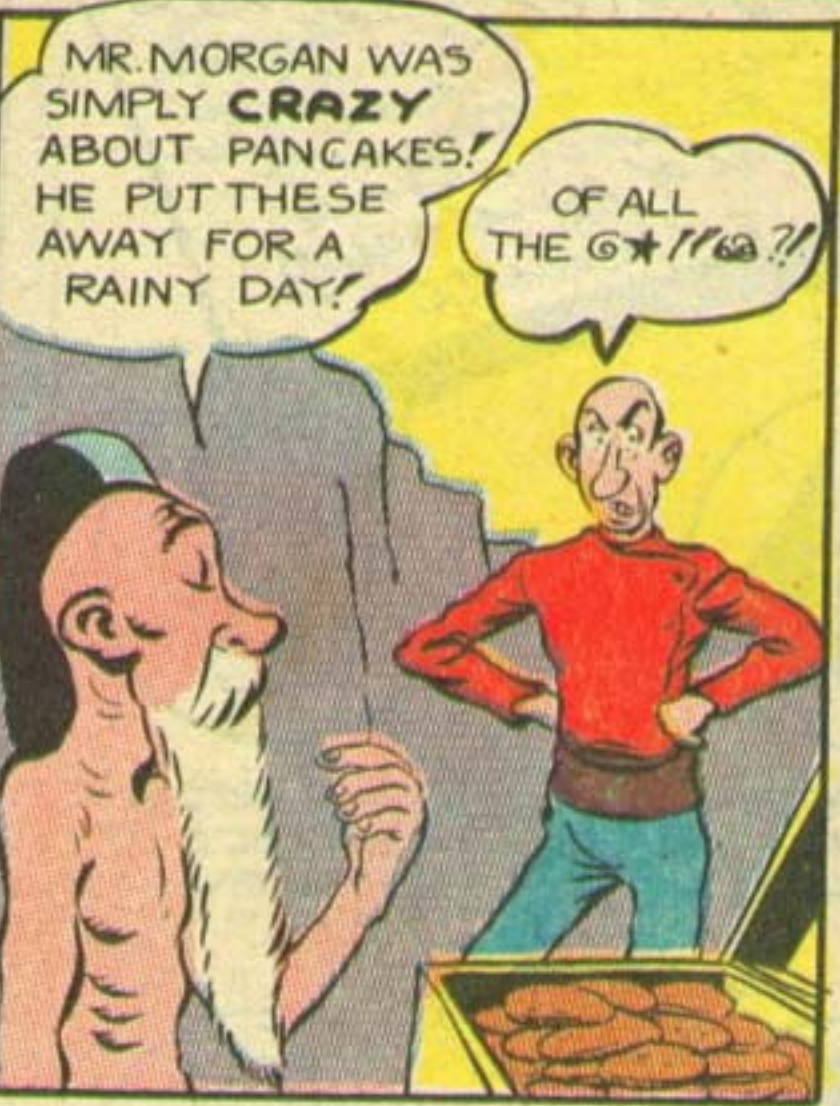


BOY OH BOY, COME CLOSER, REXIE, AND GET A GOOD GANDER WHEN I OPEN THE LID!



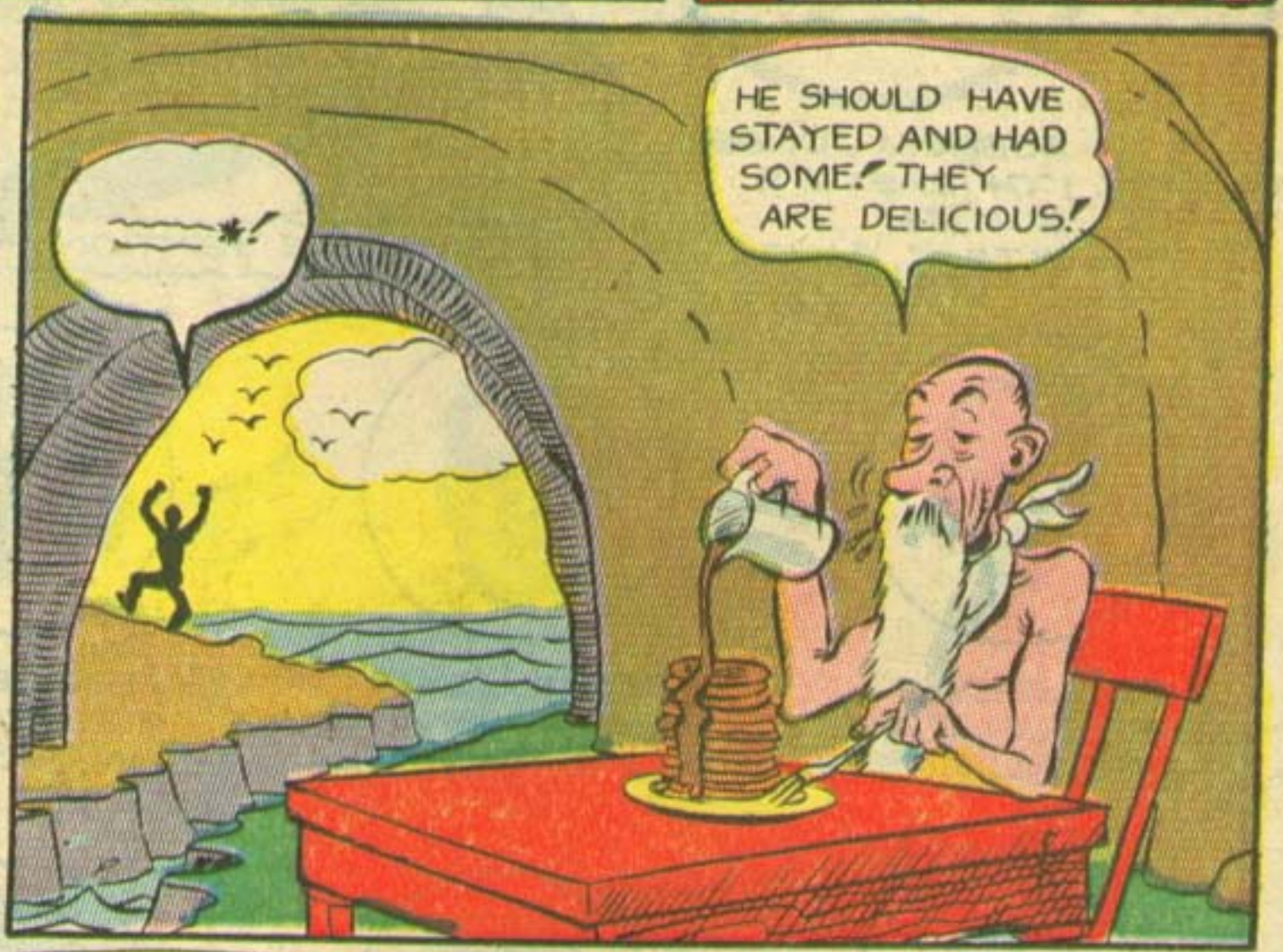
WHAT'S THIS? PANCAKES?

NATURALLY, WHAT DID YOU EXPECT



MR. MORGAN WAS SIMPLY CRAZY ABOUT PANCAKES! HE PUT THESE AWAY FOR A RAINY DAY!

OF ALL THE G\*!!@?!



HE SHOULD HAVE STAYED AND HAD SOME! THEY ARE DELICIOUS!



BURP! TOO BAD HE LEFT SO HURRIEDLY I MEANT TO ASK HIM WHAT HE WANTED DONE... BURP



...WITH ALL THIS GOLD! I CAN'T STAY HERE FOREVER! IT'S TIME I GOT MARRIED AND SETTLED DOWN!



ON HIS WAY HOME, SNOOP PICKS UP A PAPER! AS HE READS IT--- HE CHOKES--HIS EYES POP OUT!-- HE SWEATS!

GULP!

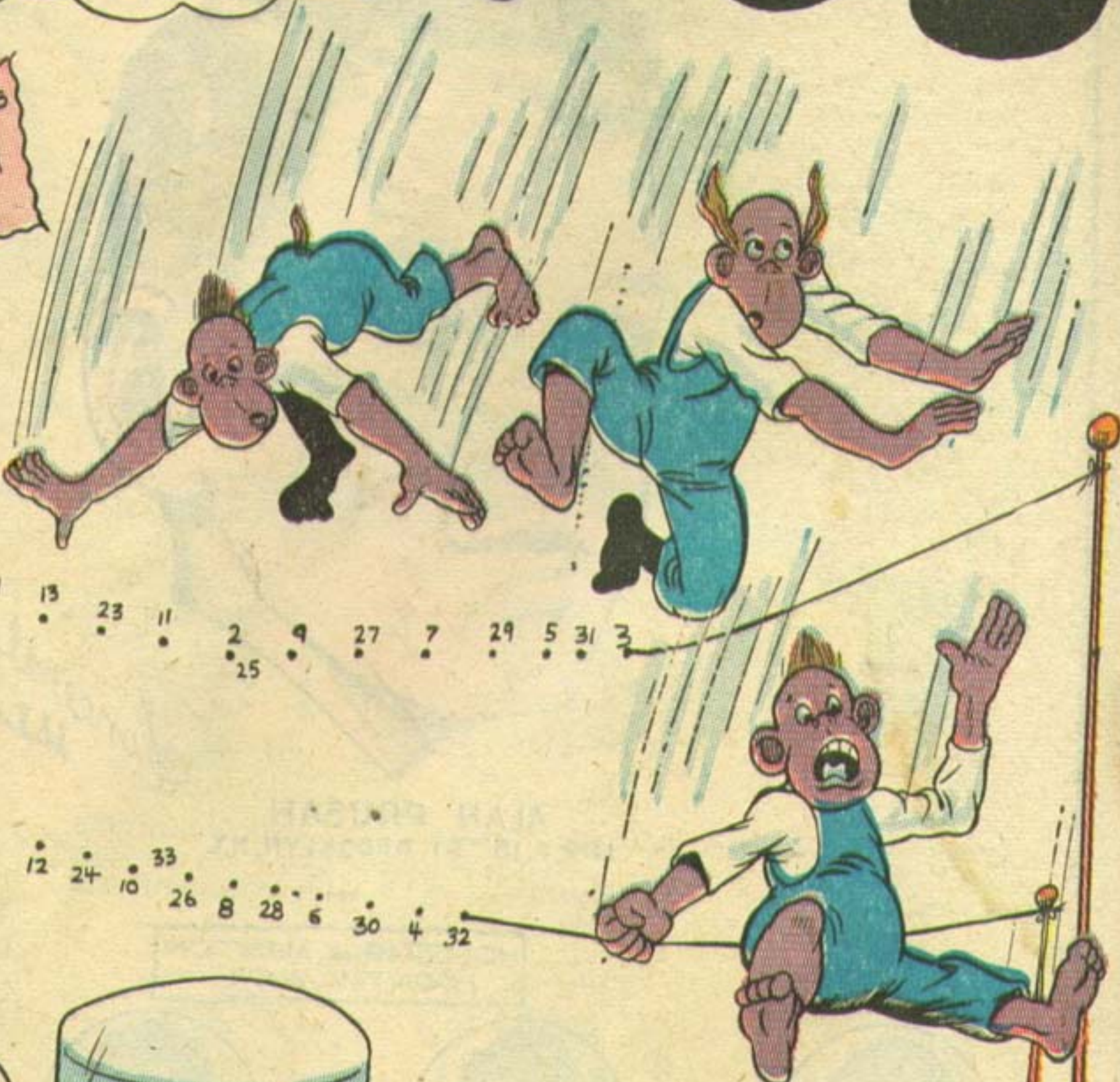
WHAT CAN IT BE THAT HAS SNOOP SO UNSTRUNG?! DROP IN NEXT MONTH FOR A BIG SHOCK!



HIYA, GANG! I'VE STARTED THE STUPIDMAN COMMANDO SCHOOL FOR OUR LITTLE FRIENDS, THE 3 MONKEY-TEERS!... ON THIS PAGE ARE A FEW PROBLEMS I'VE PREPARED FOR THEM... DO YOU THINK YOU CAN DO AS WELL AS THEY DID?

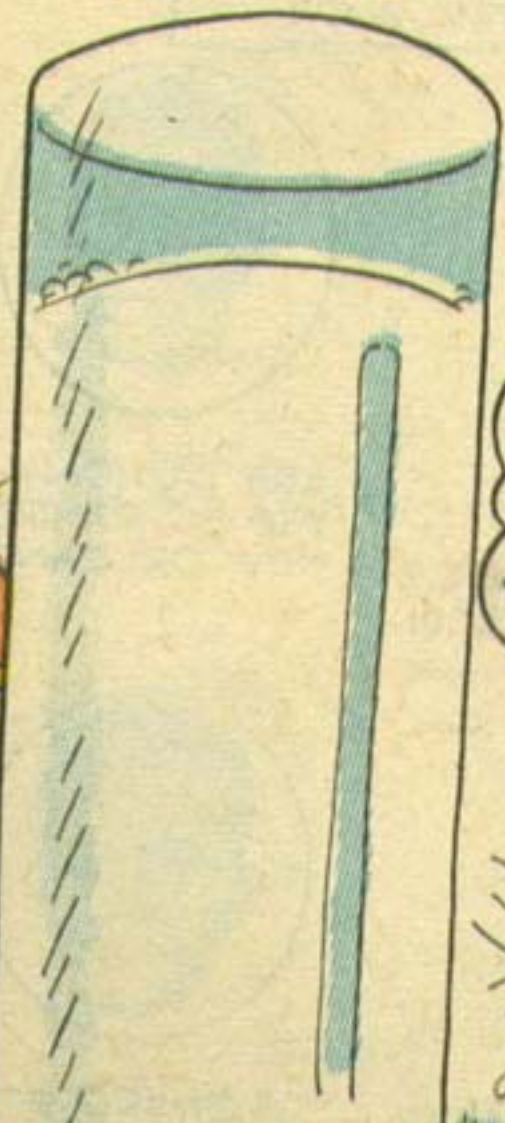
# The 3

FIRST... BY CONNECTING THE NUMBERED DOTS YOU CAN SAVE THEM FROM A HORRIBLE FATE...

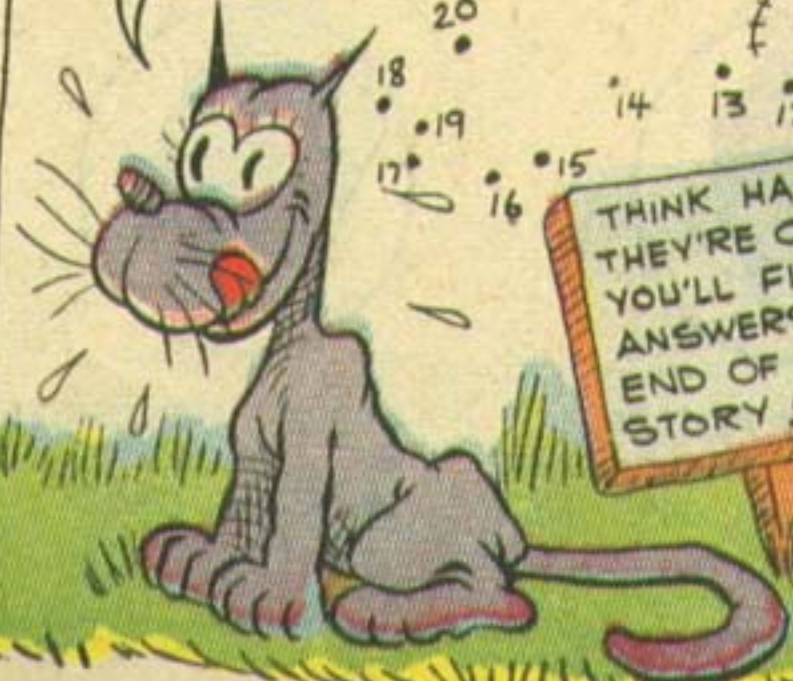


HELLO! I'M VERONICA LOU! DO YOU KNOW THE BEST AND CHIEF USE OF COWHIDE?

AND HOW WOULD YOU GO ABOUT DRINKING THIS GLASS OF MILK FROM BOTTOM TO TOP INSTEAD OF THE USUAL WAY?



I'M GEORGE, AND VERY TRICKY! FOR INSTANCE... HOW WOULD YOU MILK A CAT?



THINK HARD... THEY'RE CATCHY... YOU'LL FIND THE ANSWERS AT THE END OF THIS STORY!

17 19 15 21 13 23 11 2 9 27 7 29 5 31 3  
1 17 19 15 21 13 23 11 2 9 27 7 29 5 31 3

34 18 16 20 14 22 12 24 10 26 8 28 6 30 4 32  
34 18 16 20 14 22 12 24 10 26 8 28 6 30 4 32

4 3  
25 3

5 2

22

21

20

18 19

17 15

16

7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14



# MONKEY-TEERS

HERE COMES STUPIDMAN DRESSED AS A DELICATESSEN CLERK...LET'S SHOW HIM WE'VE LEARNED THE COMMANDO TRICKS HE TAUGHT US!



LET 'ER GO!

ATTACK!



ALL TOGETHER!



BY ED GOGGIN

HIT THE ENEMY WHEN HE LEAST EXPECTS IT --- YOU TOLD US!



OH, SO I'M AN ENEMY, AM I? WELL AS SOON AS I DISROBE I BECOME ...



THE ONE AND ONLY STUPIDMAN ...

STERN ENEMY OF EVIL AND WISE GUYS!





YOU'RE FIRST, YEHUDI! SIMPLE, WHAT?

ATTACK FROM THE REAR, HE SAID!



HAVE A NICE TRIP, SMALL FRY!



PLOP



AND NOW YOU, SASSAFRAS!



THIS IS KNOWN AS GIVING A FELLOW A LIFT!

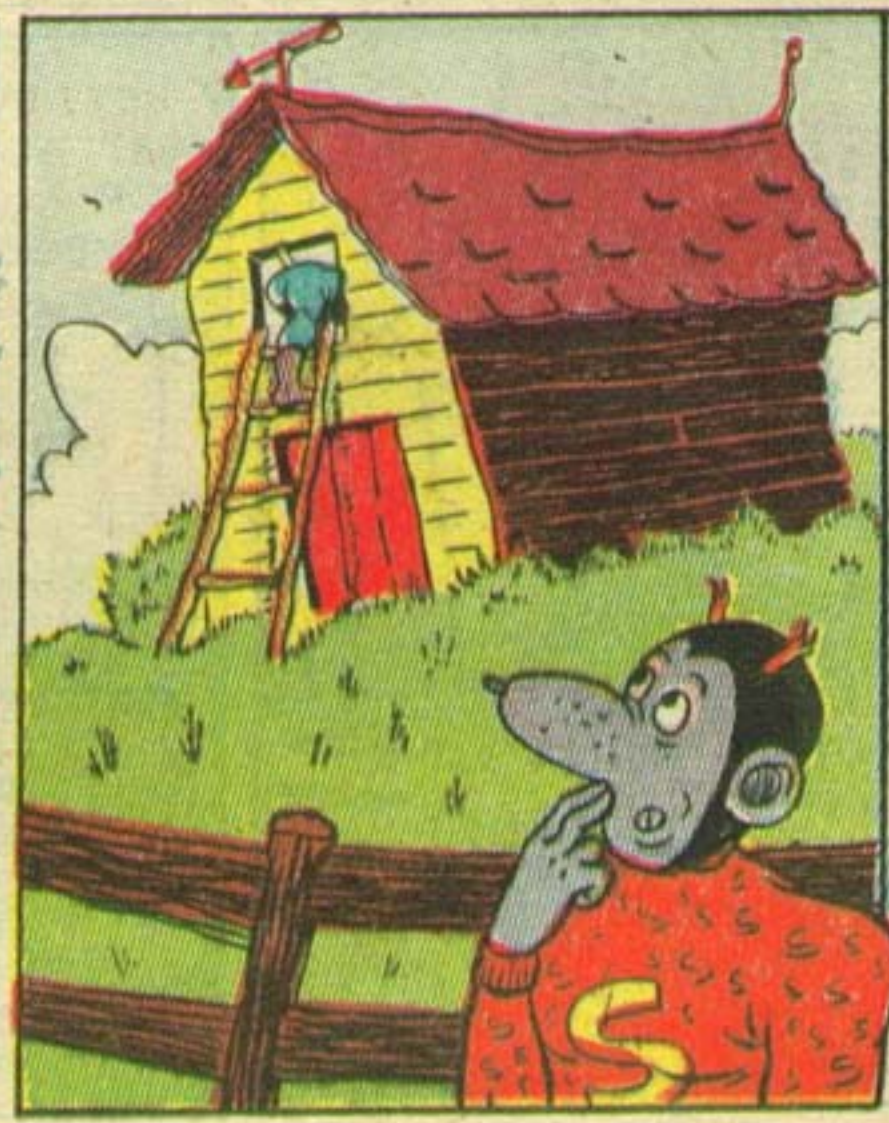
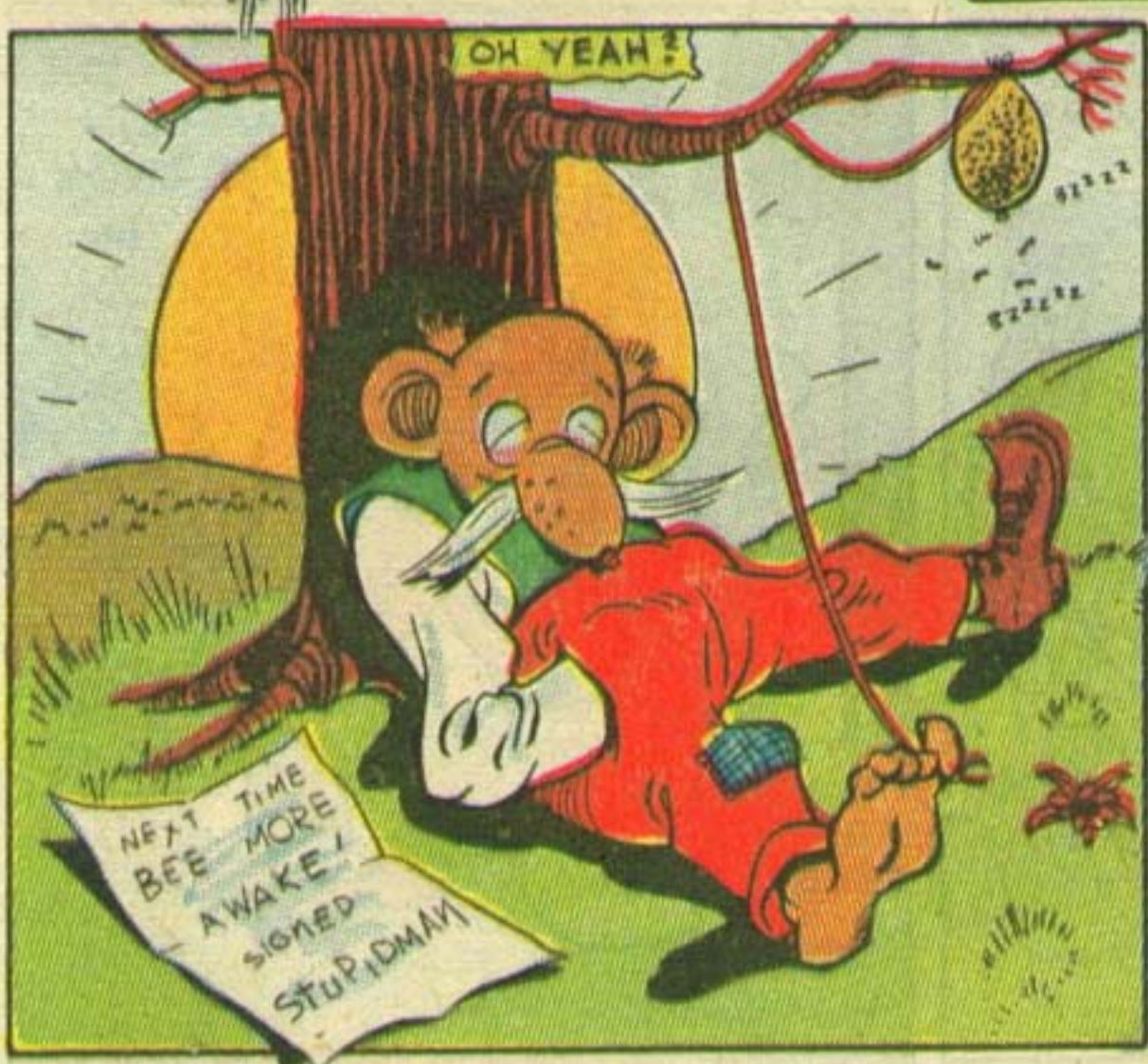
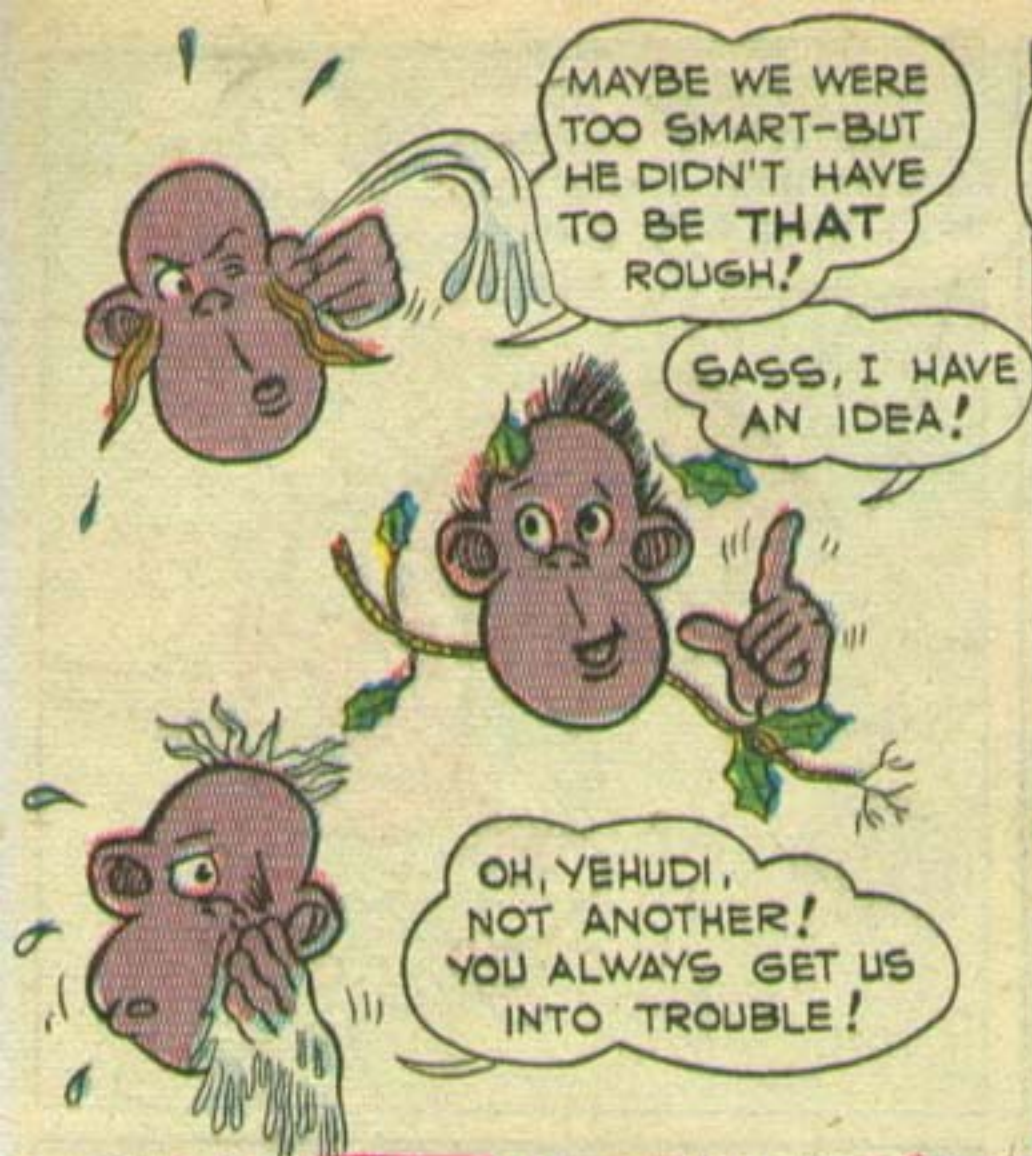


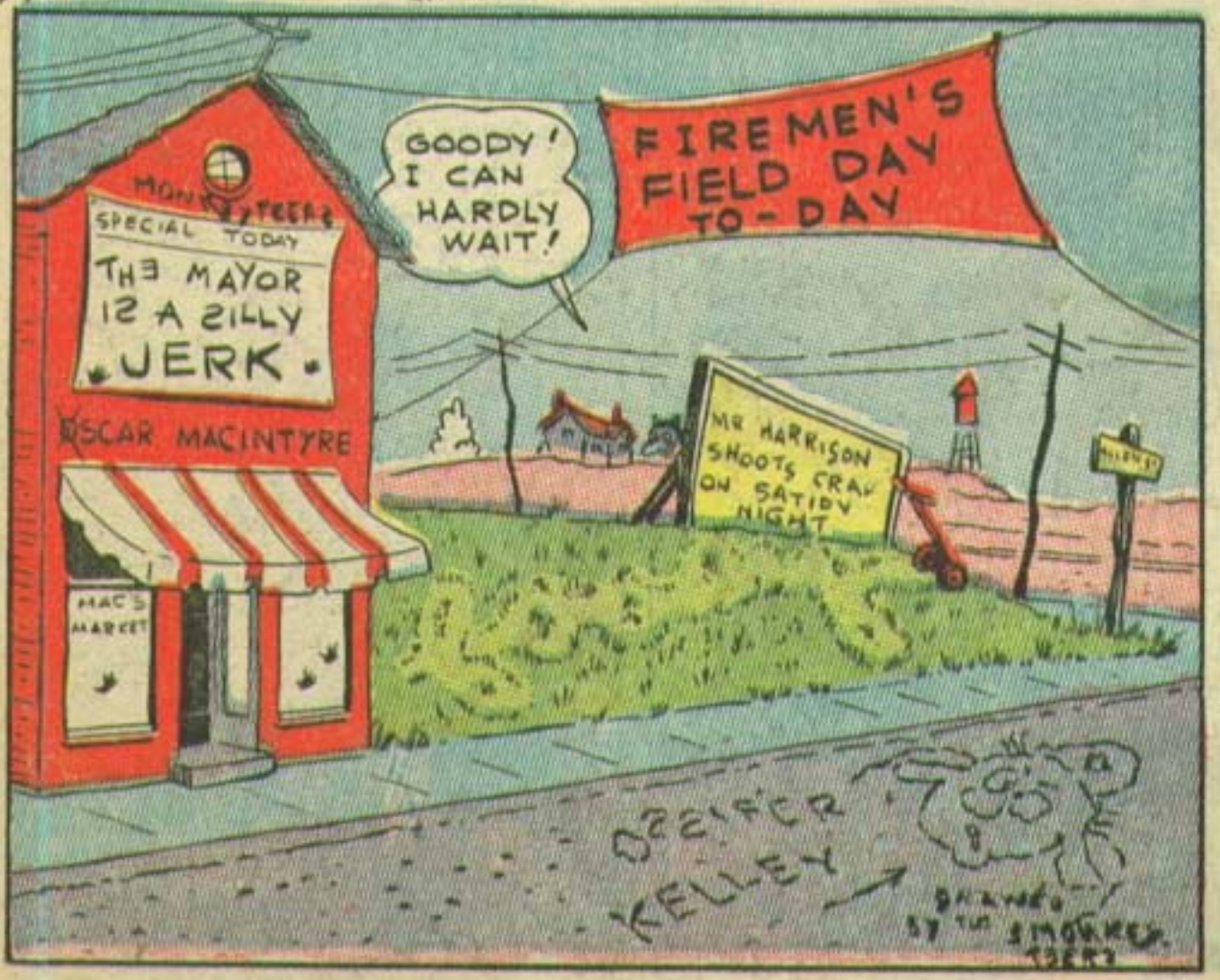
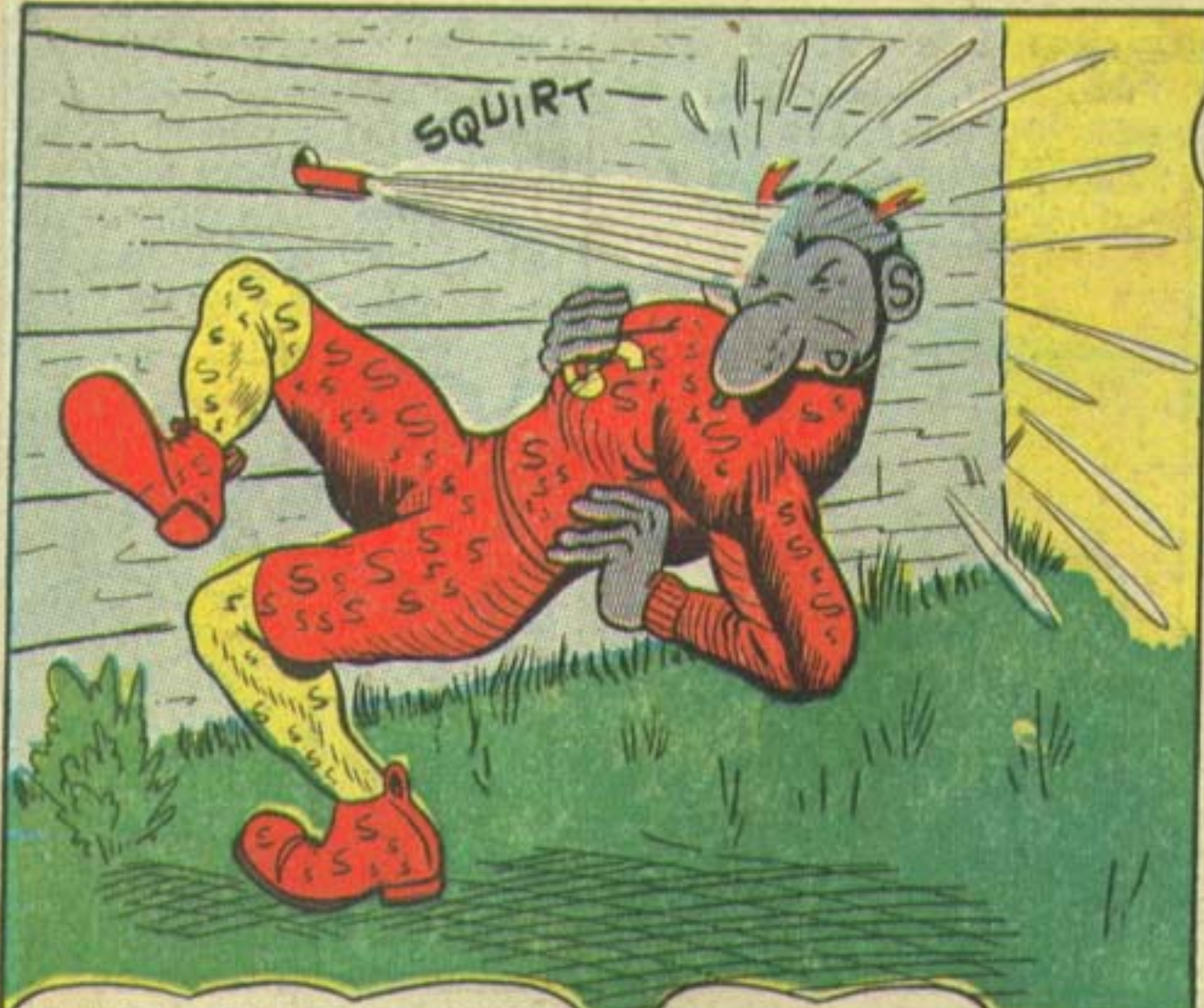
MY, MY! YOU SPIN JUST LIKE A PINWHEEL, M'FRAND!



SEE? I ALSO TOLD YOU TO USE YOUR HEAD... ALWAYS TRICK A STRONGER OPPONENT!

NOW HOW COULD YOU HOPE TO COPE WITH ME?





I MUST CONTROL MYSELF AND OUTSMART THEM! I WONDER WHAT STEEL STERLING WOULD DO IN A CASE LIKE THIS?

AH HA! I'VE GOT IT! NOW I'M USING THE OLD NOODLE!

HO HO HO! GUESS WE FOOLED HIM THAT TIME!

DID YOU SEE THE LOOK ON HIS FACE?

SAY, THAT'S FUNNY! HE'S GOING AWAY!

THESE HAND PRINTS WILL DO THE TRICK!

GOODY! I CAN HARDLY WAIT!

FIREMEN'S FIELD DAY TO-DAY

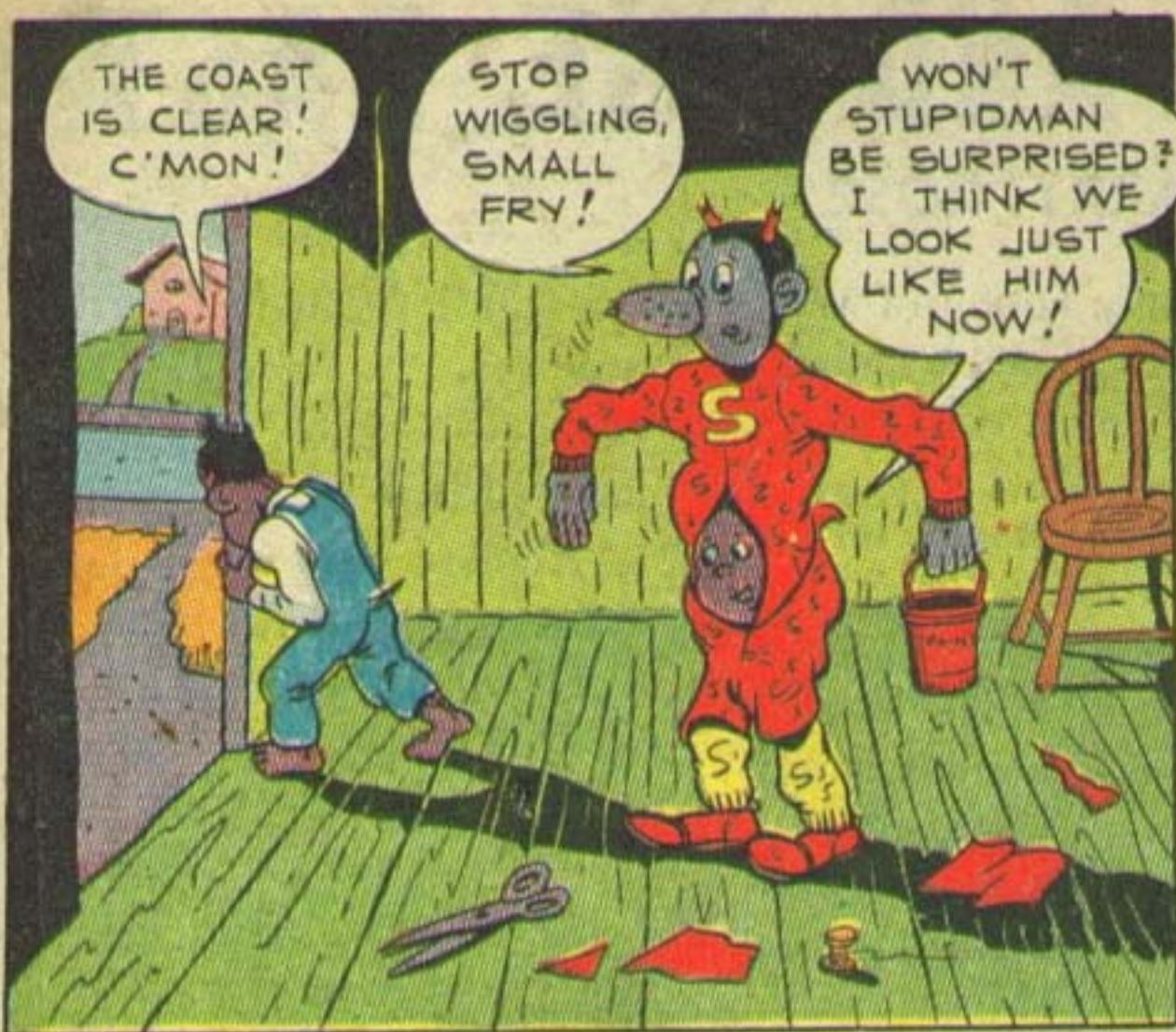
MR HARRISON SHOTS GRAY ON SATIDY NIGHT

HEY! WE'LL GET BLAMED FOR ALL THAT MESS!

OH, NO WE WON'T... LISTEN...

YEG, YEHUDI, WE KNOW... ANOTHER IDEA!

DRAWN BY THE SINGERS 1955



THE COAST IS CLEAR! C'MON!

STOP WIGGLING, SMALL FRY!

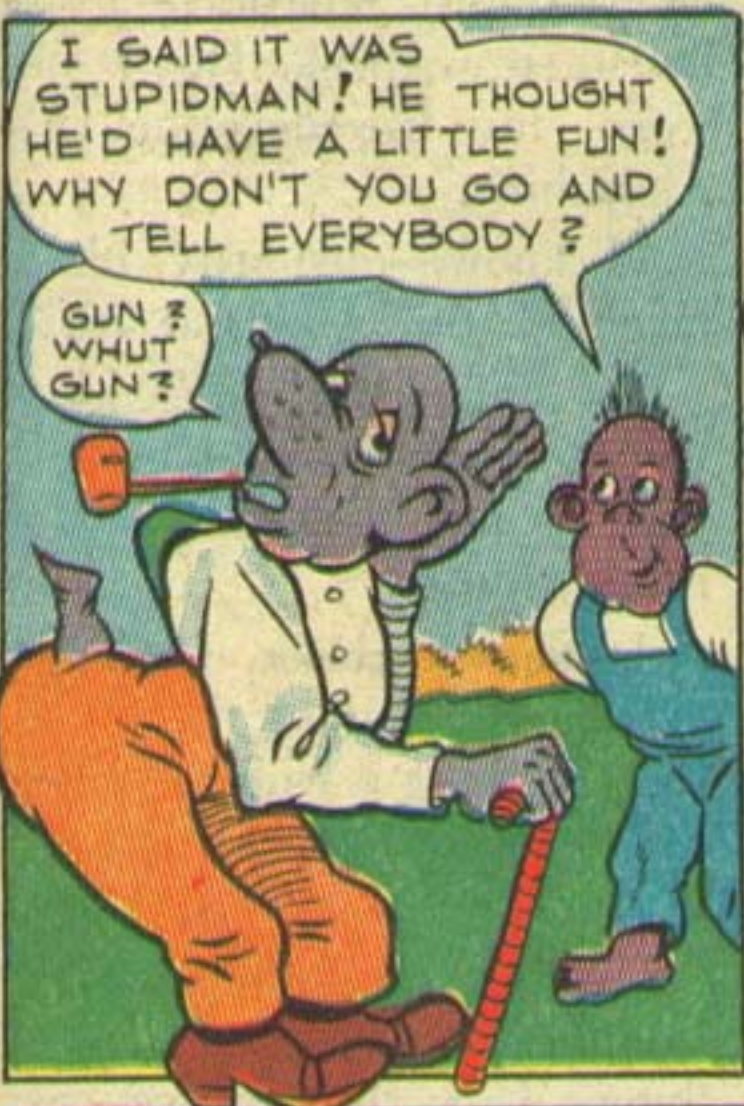
WON'T STUPIDMAN BE SURPRISED? I THINK WE LOOK JUST LIKE HIM NOW!



GOSH, HOW LONG DO WE HAVE TO MESS AROUND LIKE THIS?

HEY! WHAT'S THAT THERE FELLER DOIN' IN HIS UNDERWEAR?

THAT'S ENOUGH! HERE COMES OLD DEAFY DOLAN!



I SAID IT WAS STUPIDMAN! HE THOUGHT HE'D HAVE A LITTLE FUN! WHY DON'T YOU GO AND TELL EVERYBODY?

GUN? WHUT GUN?



STUPIDMAN RELAXES, SATISFIED...

AH WELL! NOTHING LIKE USING YOUR BRAIN... REWARDS FROM ABOVE ARE SHOWERED DOWN ON THE HEADS OF THE WISE!

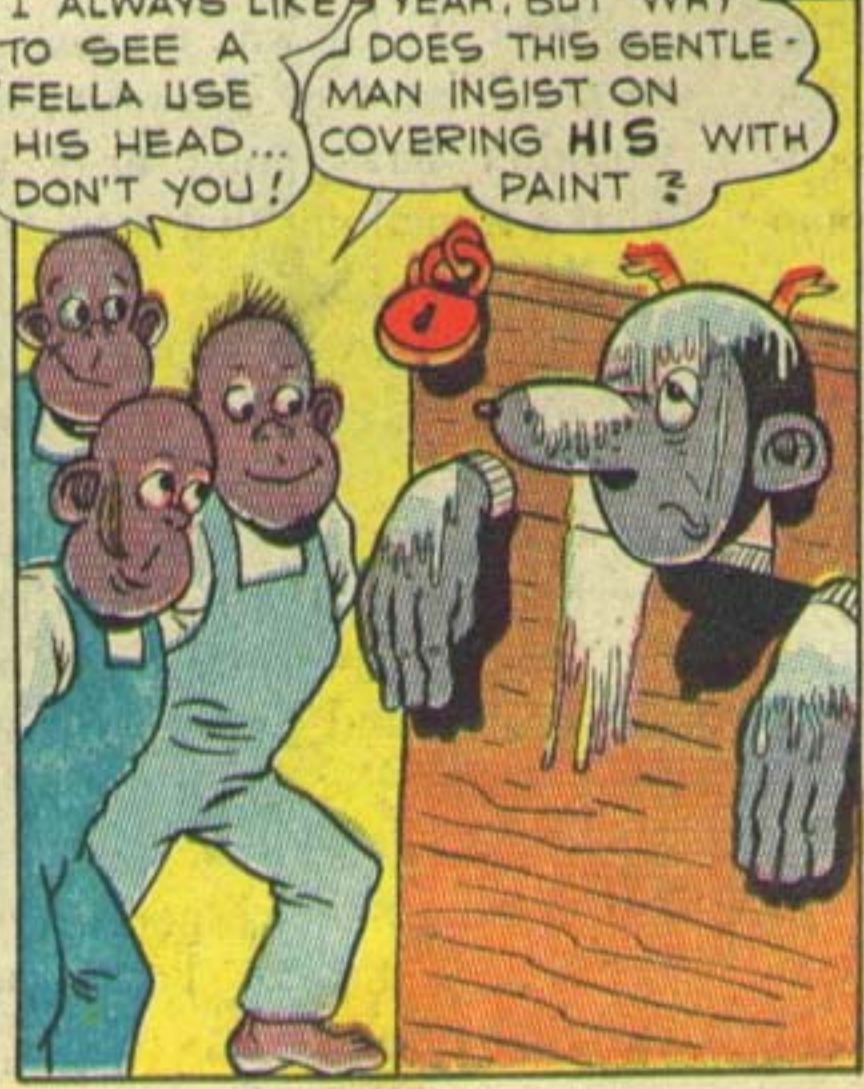


AND OTHERWISE...

SLOP



TOO BAD WE CAN'T ENJOY A PICNIC WITHOUT SOME NINNY PLAYING PRANKS!



I ALWAYS LIKE TO SEE A FELLA USE HIS HEAD... DON'T YOU!

YEAH, BUT WHY DOES THIS GENTLEMAN INSIST ON COVERING HIS WITH PAINT?

GOLLY, WE SURE HOPE YOU HAD BETTER LUCK WITH THE PROBLEMS ON PAGE ONE THAN STUPIDMAN DID IN TRYING TO TAME THE 3 MONKEY-TEERS! ANYWAY... THE ANSWERS:  
① BY CONNECTING THE NUMBERS YOU'VE BUILT 2 NETS!  
② CHIEF USE OF COW-HIDE IS TO COVER THE COW!  
③ BY DRINKING IT THRU A STRAW!  
④ YOU'D POUR HIM A SAUCER OF MILK! IT'S LIKE WATERING A HORSE  
..... OH WELL, G'BYE... SEE YOU NEXT MONTH!

WE'RE IN LUCK,  
OSCAR! THAT'S AN  
M.L.J. PUBLICATION  
HE'S READING!

PLEASE TO  
GET READY!  
PLEASE TO  
AIM---

FOR THE LOVE  
OF PETE, WILL YA  
HURRY UP AND  
TURN THE PAGE!  
I'M DYIN' TO  
FINISH THAT SWELL  
**CAPTAIN COMMANDO**  
YARN IN THE  
JULY ISSUE OF  
**PEP COMICS!**



# SUZIE

MEET SUZIE, THE CHAMPION JOB LOSER! SUZIE HAS HAD, AND LOST, MORE JOBS IN LESS TIME THAN ANY PERSON ON EARTH! SHE IS SUCH BAD LUCK THAT FORMER EMPLOYERS REFUSE TO HAVE ANYONE EVEN NAMED SUZIE! SHE'S ALWAYS IN TROUBLE BUT IN THIS ADVENTURE SHE REALLY OUTDOES HERSELF-- SUZIE AND THE LIONS!?

WE FIND SUZIE IN SEARCH OF A JOB AGAIN! THIS TIME SHE'S TRYING THE AGENCIES --

- 50. RM 467
- OLY RM. 267
- Y CO. RM. 250
- TH CO. RM. 407
- SA. INC. RM. 504
- CY RM. 206
- THO RM. 400
- TH CO. RM. 541

HM LE'SEE ACME EMPLOYMENT AGENCY --- ROOM 206. MAYBE THEY'LL GIVE ME A DEFENSE JOB.

AHH. HERE IT IS -- THE J AND B

ANYONE HERE KNOW HOW TO HANDLE CATS? WE GOTTA FILL THE JOB RIGHT AWAY!

CATS? DID YOU SAY CATS?





THAT CAT JOB! I CAN HANDLE CATS!

YEAH? YUH DON'T LOOK IT BUT IF YOU SAY YOU CAN, OK? GO TO 100 MILL ST, RIGHT AWAY! TELL 'EM ACME SENT YOU!



OH GOOD! A PET SHOP! I'LL GET SOME CATNIP! THAT'S ONE SURE WAY OF MAKING THE CATS LIKE ME!



100 MILL STREET! FUNNY PLACE TO FIND CATS!



HELLO, THE AGENCY SENT ME TO TAKE CARE OF THE CATS!

HEY BOSS! J AND B SENT THIS BABE TO HANDLE THE CATS!

WELL, WE AIN'T GOT NO CHOICE! I HOPE SHE KNOWS HER BUSINESS!

WHAT? A DAME! GOSH! THE WAR SURE HAS MADE JOBS FOR WOMEN!

THIS SEEMS AWFULLY STRANGE! BUT A JOB'S A JOB!



YOU'LL FIND A COSTUME TO FIT IN THERE! YOU HAFTA GO RIGHT ON WITH NO REHEARSAL!

COSTUME! MY GOODNESS! I NEVER HEARD OF WEARING A COSTUME



THIS MUST BE A PUBLICITY STUNT OR SOMETHING! OH WELL, I'LL PUT THIS CATNIP IN MY POCKET! IT'LL BE EASY TO MAKE FRIENDS WITH THE PUSSYCATS!



Y'READY? WELL, DON'T BE SCARED, THE CATS ARE PRETTY OLD ANYHOW!



SCARED? ME? DON'T BE SILLY! I JUST ADORE CATS! WHY I'LL HAVE THEM JUMPING THROUGH HOOPS FOR ME! I'LL MAKE FRIENDS WITH THEM IN NO TIME!







OH! THOSE LIONS ARE ATTACKING HER! I CAN'T LOOK!

HELP! I'LL BE EATEN ALIVE! I'VE GOT TO ESCAPE!

HELP! POLICE!



OH! SAFE AT LAST!



EKK! IT'S FOLLOWING ME! OH DEAR, WHERE CAN I GO FROM HERE!



SAVED! THE TRAPEZE SWUNG AWAY JUST IN TIME!



I'M SWINGING BACK AGAIN, RIGHT INTO THE LION'S JAWS!



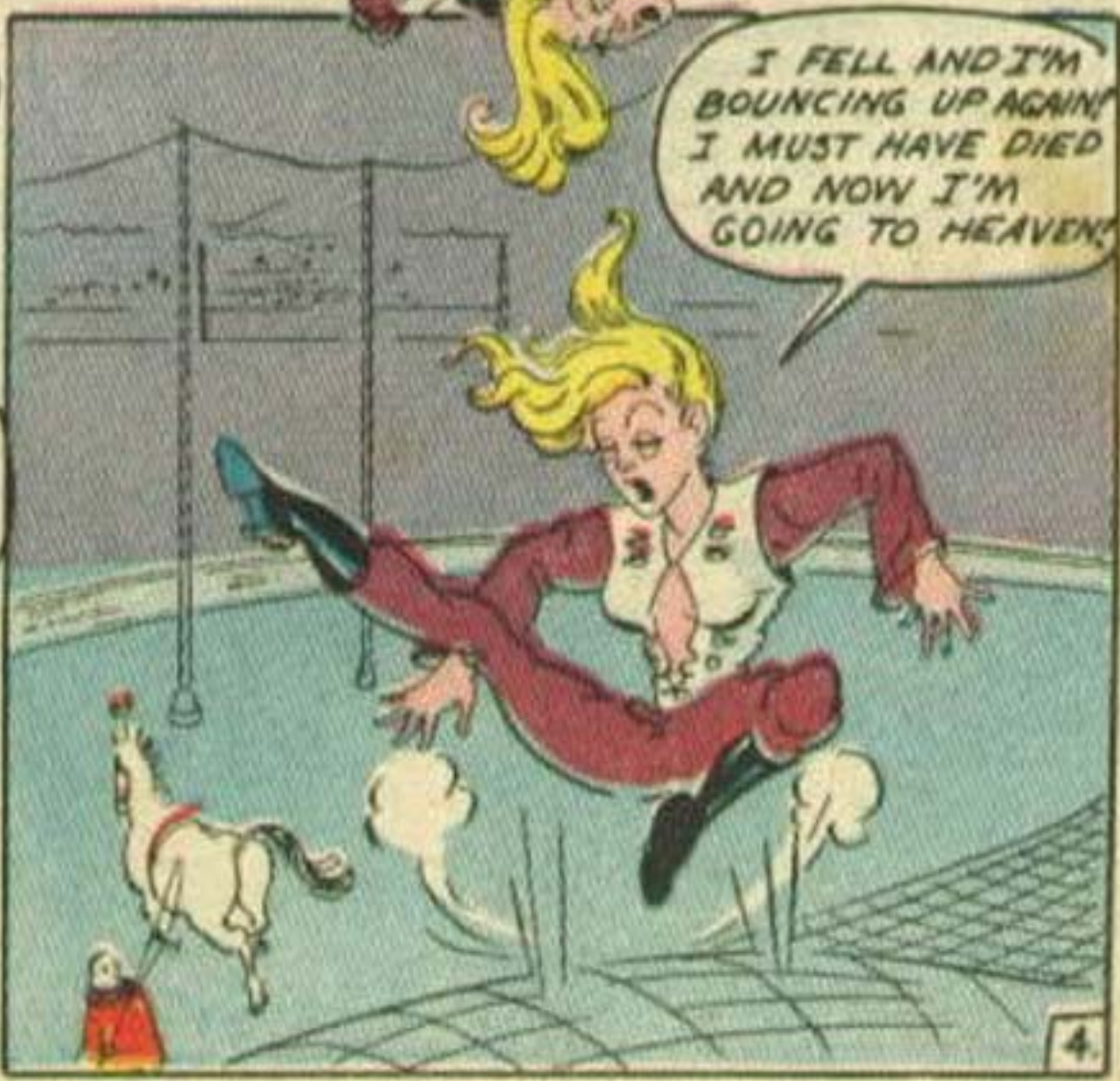
I CAN'T HOLD ON I'M GOING TO FALL!



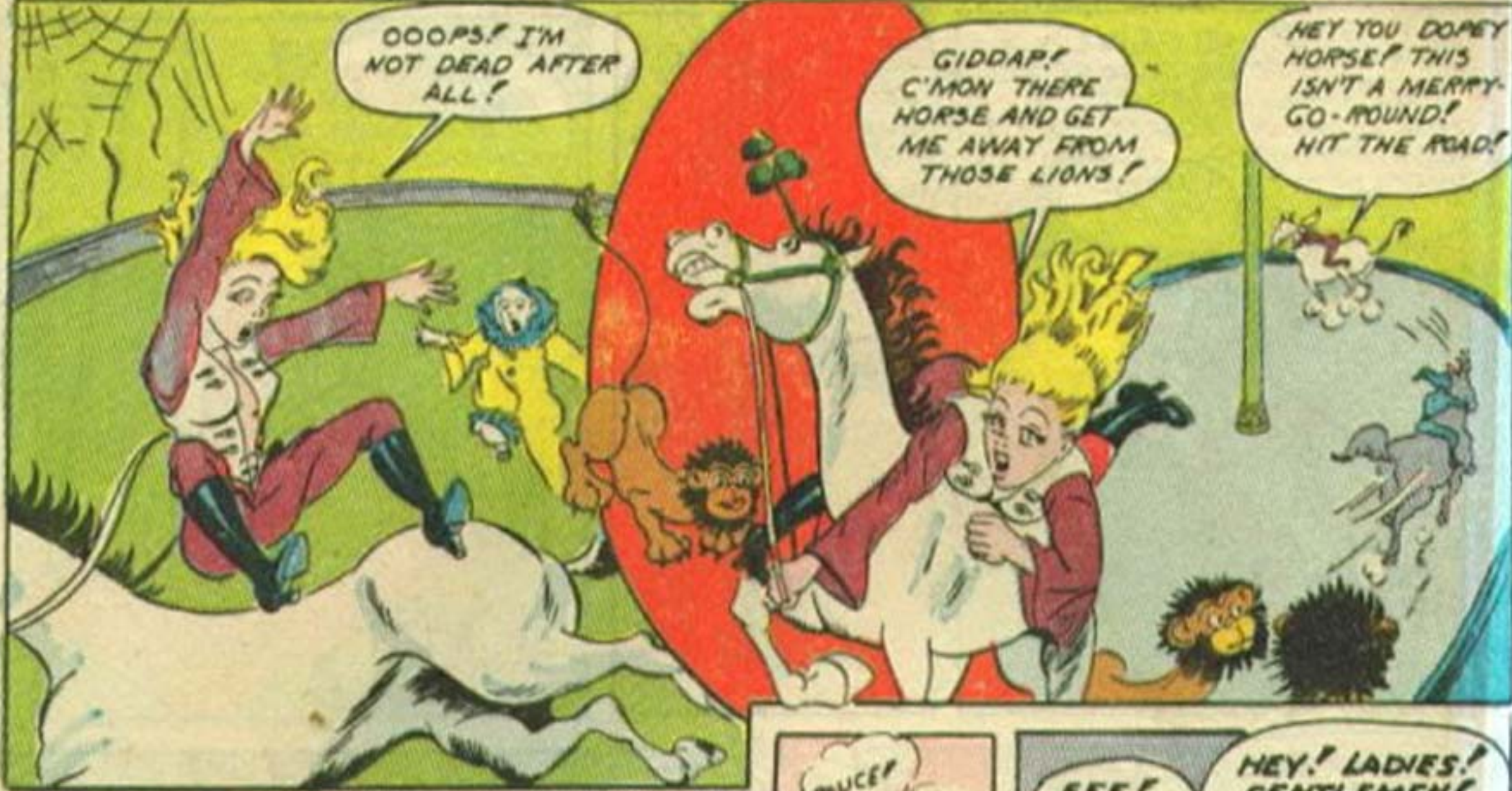
OH! SHE'S FALLING!

I'M TOO YOUNG TO DIE! WHY DID I TAKE THIS JOB?

BE CALM! BE CALM EVERYONE! SHE'LL LAND IN THE LIFE NET!



I FELL AND I'M BOUNCING UP AGAIN! I MUST HAVE DIED AND NOW I'M GOING TO HEAVEN!



OOOPS! I'M NOT DEAD AFTER ALL!

GIDDAP! C'MON THERE HORSE AND GET ME AWAY FROM THOSE LIONS!

HEY YOU DOPEY HORSE! THIS ISN'T A MERRY-GO-ROUND! HIT THE ROAD!



SHE'S GONNA BE KILLED RIGHT BEFORE OUR EYES! LEMME OUT!

SAVE ME! SOMEBODY SAVE ME!



PUCEP

MBLP

MURDER!



EEE! I'M GOING TO FAINT!

HEY! LADIES! GENTLEMEN! BE CALM! WALK, DON'T RUN, TO THE EXITS!

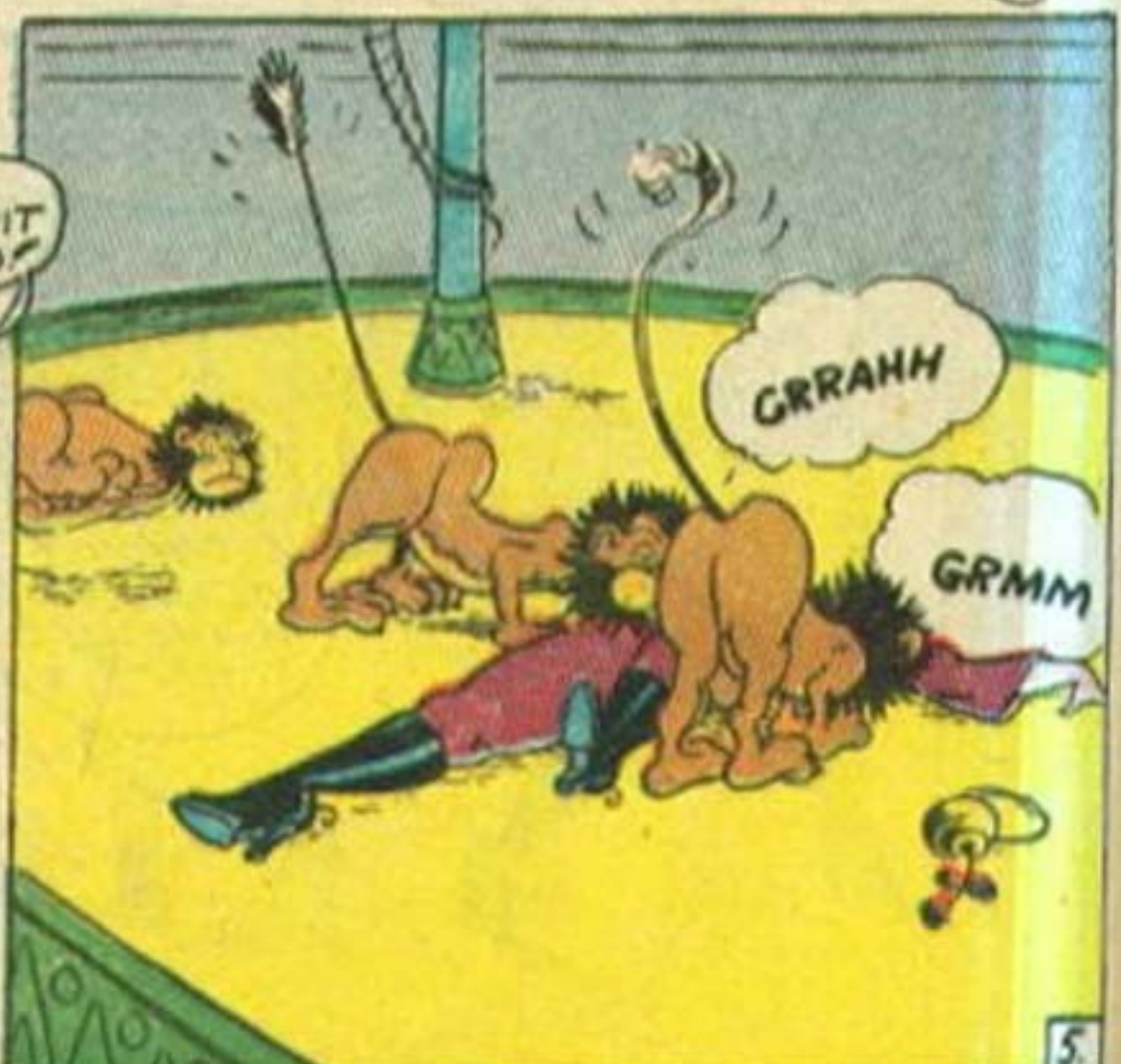
HELP



GET ROPES! GET GUNS! GET NETS! THE LIONS MUSTA GONE CRAZY!

I'M QUITTING! THEY SAID THOSE LIONS WERE HARMLESS!

I QUIT TOO!



GRRRAHH

GRMM



# GLOOMY GUS

THE HOMELESS GHOST

by "RED" HOLLYDALE

AND DON'T FORGET ME READERS-I'M GUS'S ASSISTANT! GABBY'S THE NAME!

R.I.P.

GUS GLOOMPUS UNLUCKIER THAN MOST! HE CAN'T BE HUMAN, HE CAN'T BE GHOST!

HE WANTS A BODY THAT'S STRONG AND ROOMY! UNTIL HE FINDS IT, GUS WILL BE GLOOMY!

JEEPERS-- GABBY! WE SURE GOT OURSELVES INTO SOMETHING WHEN WE GOT INTO THESE SOLDIERS' BODIES!

HEY YOU ROOKIES! ON YOUR FEET! GET YOUR EQUIPMENT PACKED! WE'RE MOVING OUT TONIGHT!

HUH? HEH? WHAT? YES SIR!

GOBH! I WONDER WHERE WE'RE GOING? I WAS JUST GETTING USED TO THIS PLACE!

HEY GABBY! WHAT LUCK! WE'RE RIDING! I WAS AFRAID WE WERE GOING TO MARCH!

LATER, AS THE TRUCKS RUMBLE THRU THE NIGHT--

SNIFF-SNIFF-- S'FUNNY-- IT KINDA SMELLS LIKE SEA AIR DOESN'T IT, GUS?

HMM-- COME TO THINK OF IT, GABBY, IT SURE DOES!

DUNNO, GLOOMY! BUT I HOPE IT'S A RESTFUL PLACE!

C'MON THERE! STEP LIVELY! THIS AIN'T NO TEA PARTY!





OOPS!-- I NEVER THOUGHT OF THIS! IT'S A TRANSPORT! WE'RE GOING OVERSEAS!

GULP-- YOU MEAN ACTIVE SERVICE, GOSH!



I KIND OF WISH WE COULD CHANGE OUR MINDS! I DON'T LIKE BOATS, THEY MAKE ME NERVOUS!



DAYS LATER ON THE HIGH AND ROLLING SEAS--- DO YOU KNOW PEOPLE ACTUALLY TAKE OCEAN TRIPS FOR PLEASURE?

Y'MEAN THEY THINK THIS IS FUN? I DON'T BELIEVE IT!



H-E-Y! WHAT THE-- WE'RE SINKING!

SINKING! WE'RE SUNK!



HEY, GUS! WHERE ARE YOU-- HOLY PETE! HE MUSTA BEEN WASHED OVERBOARD BY THAT WAVE! WHAT'LL I TELL ST. PETE!



(BLUB! BLUB!) HEY, GABBY, HERE I AM, RIGHT BEHIND YOU!

HUH! WHAT TH--

AFTER ASSEMBLY--



LATER THE GENERAL ADDRESSES THE TROOPS----

OUR MISSION IS OF GREAT IMPORTANCE! WE ARE LANDING TONIGHT IN ENEMY TERRITORY!



OH, GABBY! DID YOU HEAR WHAT HE SAID? WE'RE ATTACKING TONIGHT!

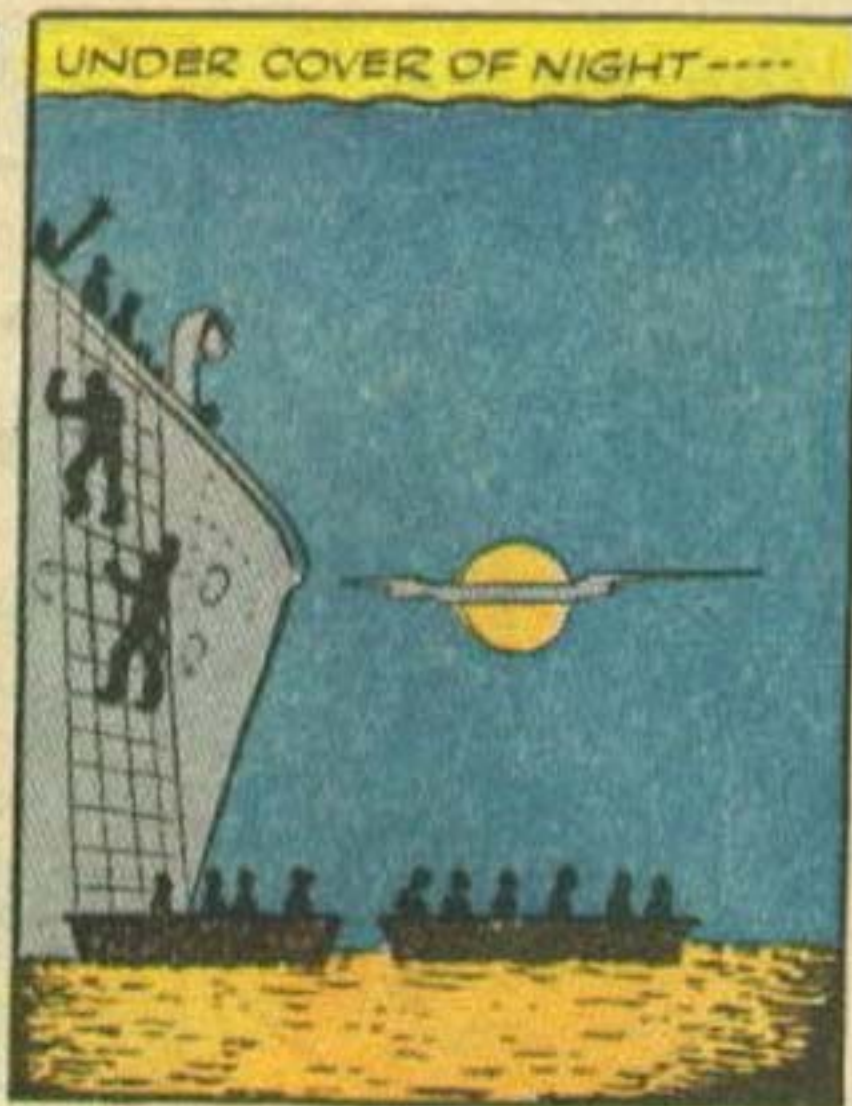
WE MUST NOT FAIL! WHATEVER HAPPENS WE MUST SUCCEED IN THIS ATTACK!



MIGOSH! WE HAVEN'T A CHANCE! OL' GENERAL FOOTE IS A JINX! WHENEVER HE LEADS AN ATTACK IT FAILS!

YEAH! HIS NAME OUGHTA'BE GENERAL D. FEAT! HE ONLY GOT TO BE A GENERAL ON ACCOUNT OF BEING IN THE ARMY SO LONG!

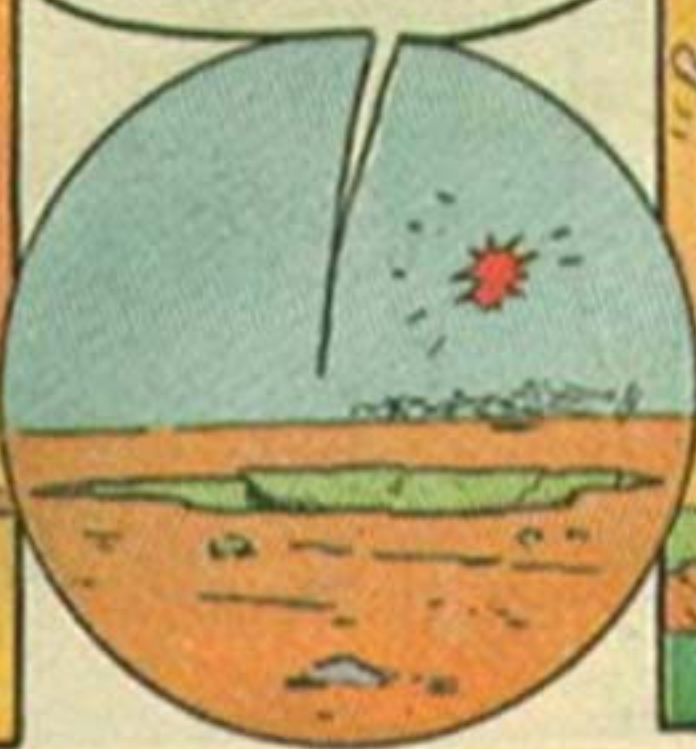
BOY, ARE WE UNLUCKY!



HMM! I WONDER IF IM GOING TO GET ONE AFTER ALL? OH SURE! THERE'S ONE NOW!

BOY! NOT LAD! A PRETTY GOOD FIT! WILL GABBY BE SURPRISED TO SEE ME! IT'S FUNNY SOMETHING IS STRANGE ABOUT THIS BODY! IT FEELS DIFFERENT!

HEY GABBY! WHERE ARE YOU? LOOK! I'VE FOUND A BODY!



HI GABBY! FAST WORK, HUH! HERE I AM READY TO CONTINUE THE ATTACK!

GUB! MIGOOSH! YOU'VE MADE AN AWFUL MISTAKE! GOSH, WHAT AM I GONNA DO?



A NAZI! BOY! WILL I LET HIM HAVE IT!



Y'SEE! THAT'S WHAT I WAS TRYING TO TELL YOU! NOW WHAT'LL YOU DO?



FOREWARD MEN! WE MUST PRESS OUR ADVANTAGE!

I HOPE THIS ONCE THAT LUCK WILL BE WITH ME! WE MUST WIN!



CHARGE! AAAGHH THEY GOT ME!

NOW I'LL NEVER BE A HERO! I'VE FAILED! THE MEN WILL NEVER ATTACK! I WOULDN'T MIND DYING IF I'D LED A SUCCESSFUL ATTACK!

HE WANTS US TO COMMIT SUICIDE!





NOW! LOOKS LIKE THE GENERAL'S FINISHED!

THE MEN ALWAYS CALLED ME A JINX! I GUESS THEY WERE RIGHT! IF ONLY I COULD HAVE DIED A HERO!

THAT SETTLES IT! I'M NEXT IN COMMAND, AND I'M GONNA ORDER A RETREAT!



NO YOU'RE NOT! YA CAN'T RETREAT NOW! ME AN' GUS WON'T LET YOU!

WHASSAT! I HEAR A VOICE, BUT I DON'T SEE ANYONE!



WHAT'S THAT? I SEE OVER THERE? IT'S A BODY!



GABBY--GABBY! HANG ON TO THAT BODY FOR ME! I'M GONNA GET INTO IT!



THERE! HOW'S THAT FOR A SIZE

GUS! B-BUT YOU'VE GOT THE GENERAL'S BODY!



THE GENERAL'S BODY? THAT GUY'S A JINX! SUMPIN'S GONNA HAPPEN ANY SECOND! I KIN JUST FEEL IT IN THE GENERAL'S BONES!

OH-OH! IT'S HAPPENED!



YI--!!! A BOMB!



BOY! JUST GOT RID OF THAT IN TIME!

SWISH!



ACH DU LIEBER!

VE SURRENDER!

HIMMEL! VOT GIFFS!

KAMERAD!

IT MUST BE DER NEW SECRET VEAPON!

ZIP

A STRAY HORNET FROM THE NEST ATTACKS GUS.



HEY GUS! YOU'RE GOING THE WRONG WAY! THAT'S THE ENEMIES' LINES! COME BACK!



LOOK GANG! THE GENERAL DIDN'T DIE AFTER ALL-- AND HE'S LEADING THE ATTACK-- SINGLE-HANDED!

BOY! WHAT COURAGE! C'MON WE CAN'T LET HIM DOWN! LET'S FOLLOW UP!

WE'RE WITH YOU GENERAL! WE'LL MOP UP THEM NAZIS!

THEY GOT THE GENERAL THIS TIME! C'MON GANG--WE'LL EVEN THE SCORE FOR 'IM!

GUS, GUS ARE YOU GVIN' UP YOUR APARTMENT AGAIN?



YEAH--SNO USE, GABBY! I JUST CAN'T GET ME A STEADY JOB! WHAT'S GOIN' ON! OUR BOYS ARE CHARGIN' LIKE MAD!



WOW! THE WAY THEY'RE PILIN' INTO THOSE NAZIS THERE WON'T BE A DECENT BODY AROUND! LET'S GO GABBY!



MEANWHILE ON EARTH--

I DON'T SEE HOW THE GENERAL COULD HAVE LED AN ATTACK! THE FIRST BULLET WENT THROUGH HIS HEART!



GAD! WOTTA HERO! HE JUST REFUSED TO DIE UNTIL HIS ATTACK SUCCEEDED!



GUS, YOU'RE JUMPING INTO BODIES THIS WAY UPSETS MY RECORDS! I CAN'T HAVE IT I TELL YA!

B-BUT PETE!



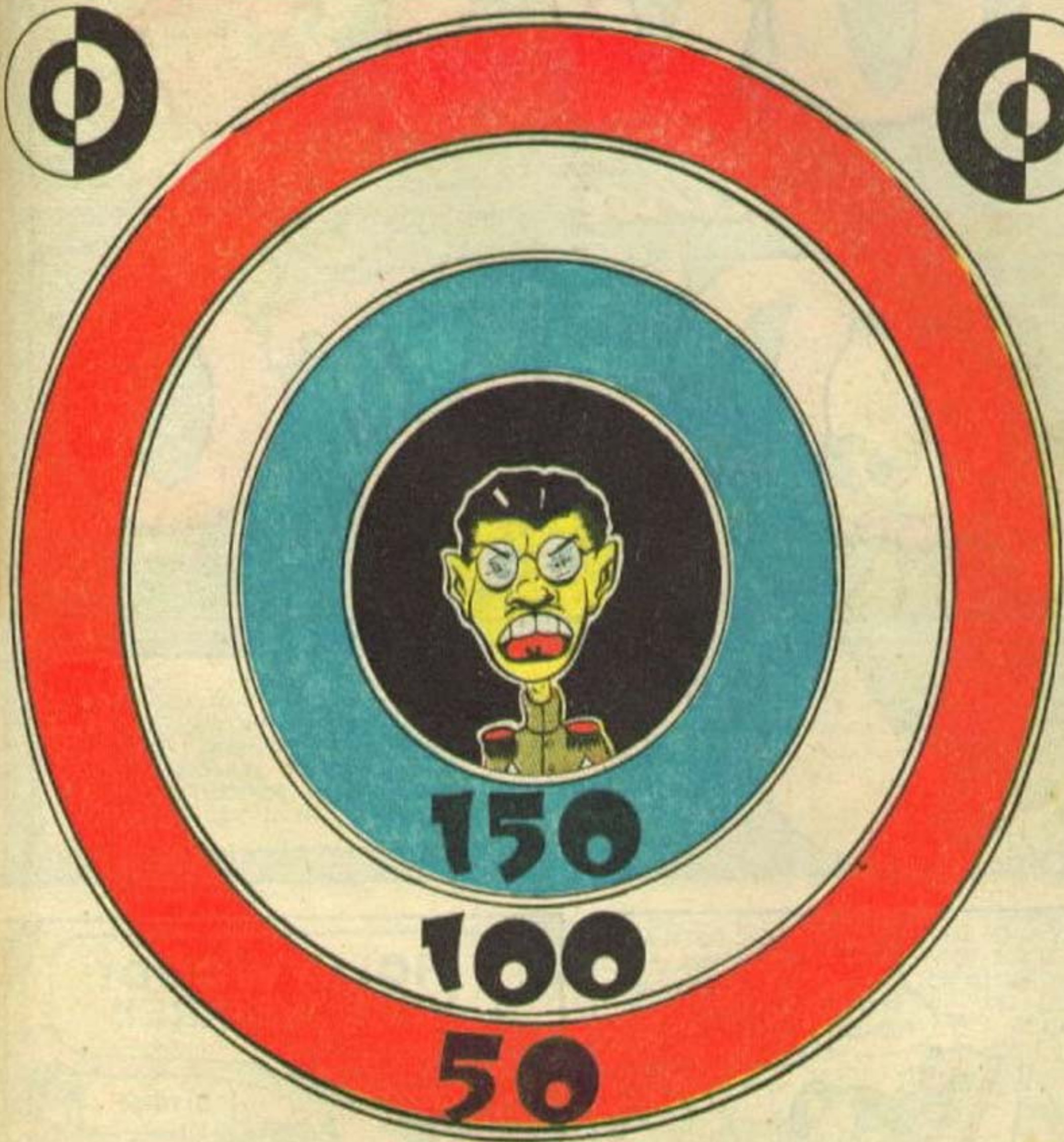
I GOT IT PETE! I GOT IT! I KNOW JUST WHOSE BODY GUS CAN TAKE! WOW! WHAT AN IDEA!



WHAT IS THIS TERRIFIC IDEA GABBY HAS? BOY! YOU'LL LOVE IT!

# FUN FOR ALL

And All  
For Fun



1. FIRST WE MUST GET A HOLLOW PAPER STRAW AND PUTTY, OR CLAY! THEN FASHION THE PUTTY INTO SMALL BALLS, TINY ENOUGH TO BE BLOWN THRU THE STRAW! THEN CUT OUT THE GAME AND MOUNT IT ON CARDBOARD!!

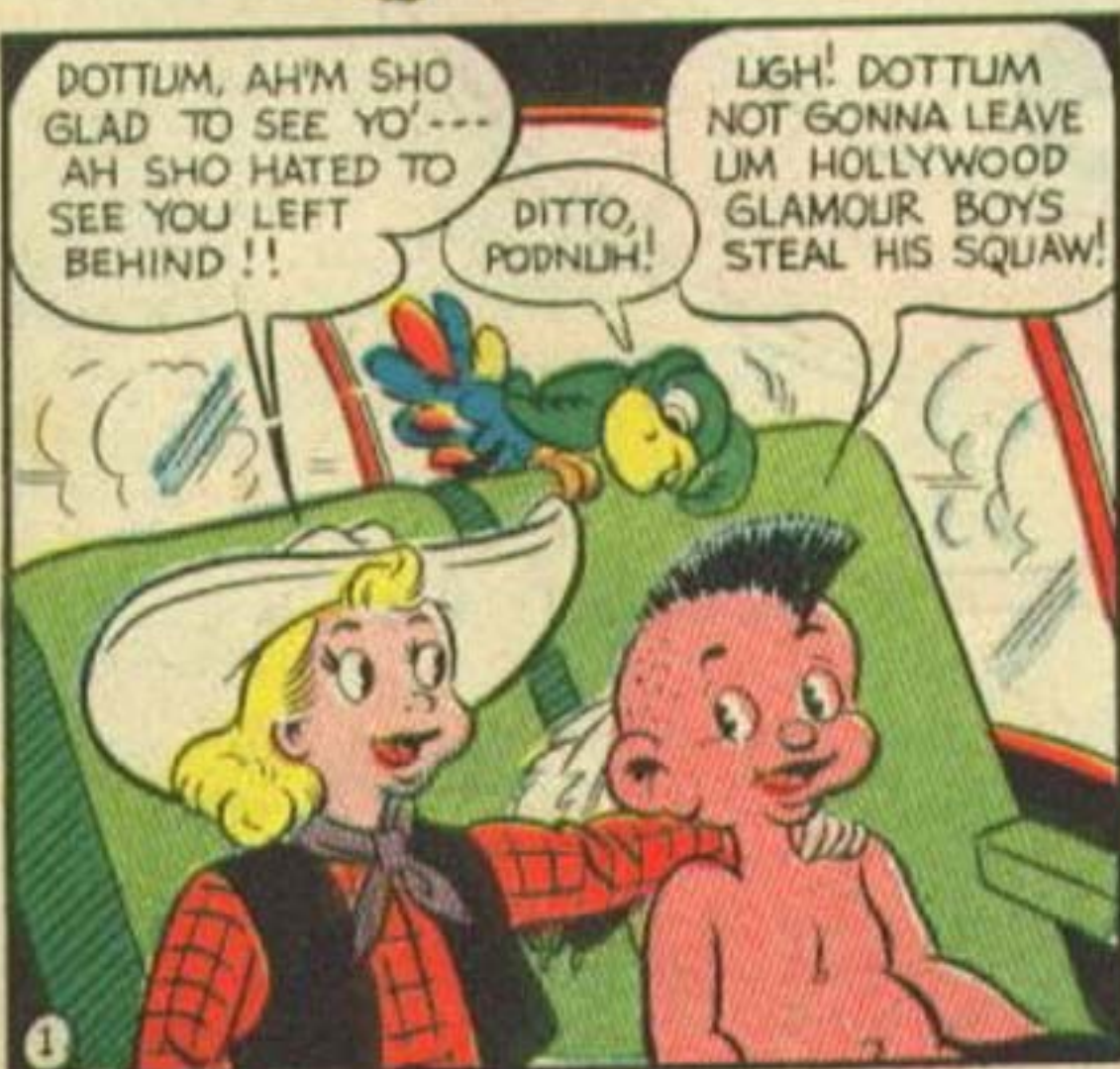
2. YOU BLOW THE CLAY AT THE TARGET.. IF YOUR PIECE OF CLAY LANDS ON THE JAP'S FACE, YOU GET 200 POINTS! THE PERSON WITH THE GREATEST AMOUNT OF POINTS, WINS!!

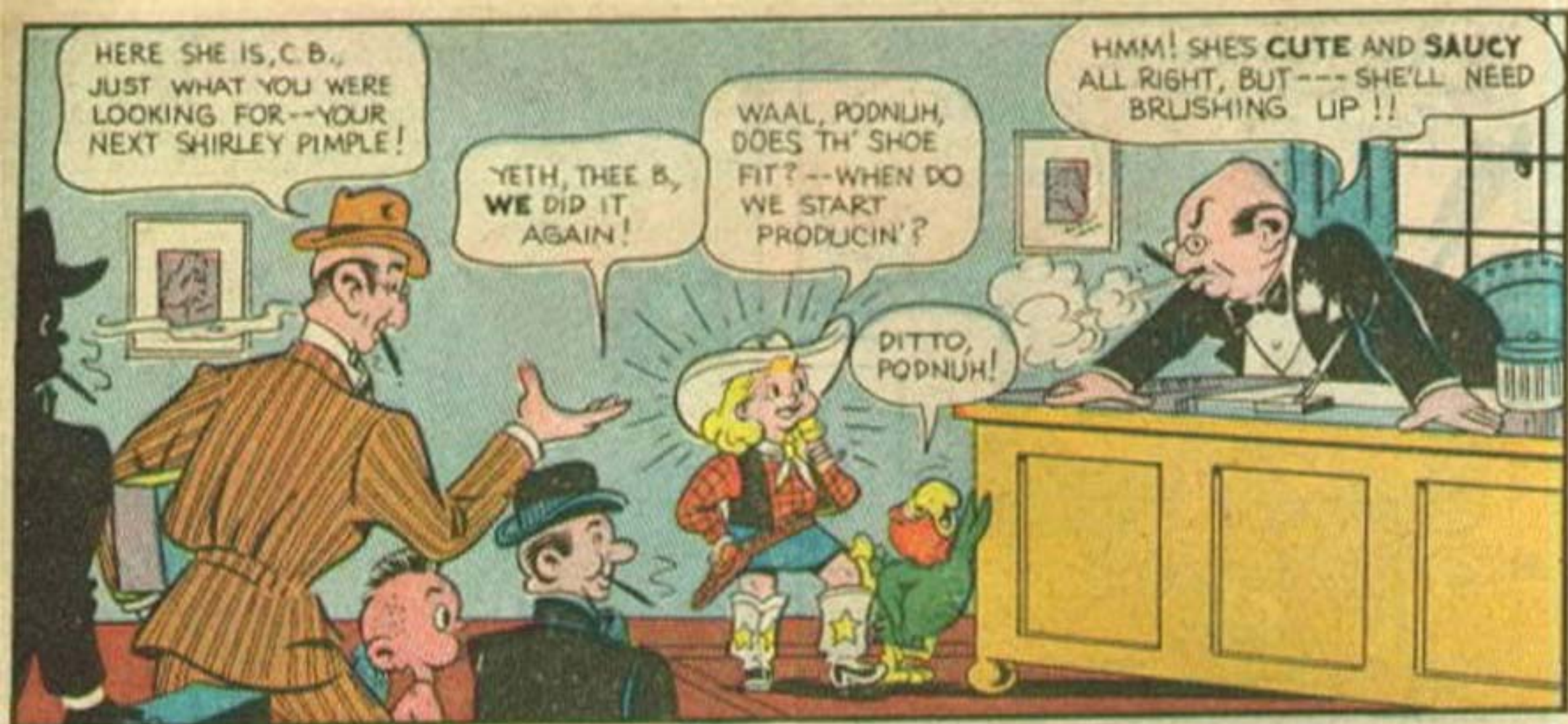
# DOTTY and DITTO



by  
BILL WOGGON

**D**OTTY, OUR ROOTIN' TOOTIN' COWGIRL HEROINE, AND HER PET PARROT, DITTO, ARE ON THEIR WAY TO HOLLYWOOD BY PLANE TO MAKE THEIR DEBUT IN CECIL B. D'PILL'S NEXT COLOSSAL PRODUCTION. DOTTY'S INDIAN BOY FRIEND, DOTTUM, HAS JUST BEEN DISCOVERED AS A STOWAWAY!





AND WHILE DOTTY IS DRIVING MR. ULAC FRANTIC WE FIND DITTO TRYING TO LEARN A NEW LINGO ----



NOW DON'T THAY "DITTO, PODNUH," AND THTOP THWEARING!



OKAY! DON'T THAY "DITTO, PODNUH," AND THTOP THWEARING!

WOW! BLANKETY BLANK! I'LL MAKE YOU THTOP THAYING "DITTO" IF WE HAVE TO THTAY HERE ALL NIGHT!

AND DOTTUM TRIES, OH SO HARD, TO BE AN ELEPHANT BOY--SO THEY WON'T SHOVE HIM OFF THAT CLIFF!



UGH! SO YOU WANTUM ELEPHANT BOY, HUH? OKAY! WHERE'S UM ELEPHANTS-- ME WATER UM!

OWW!



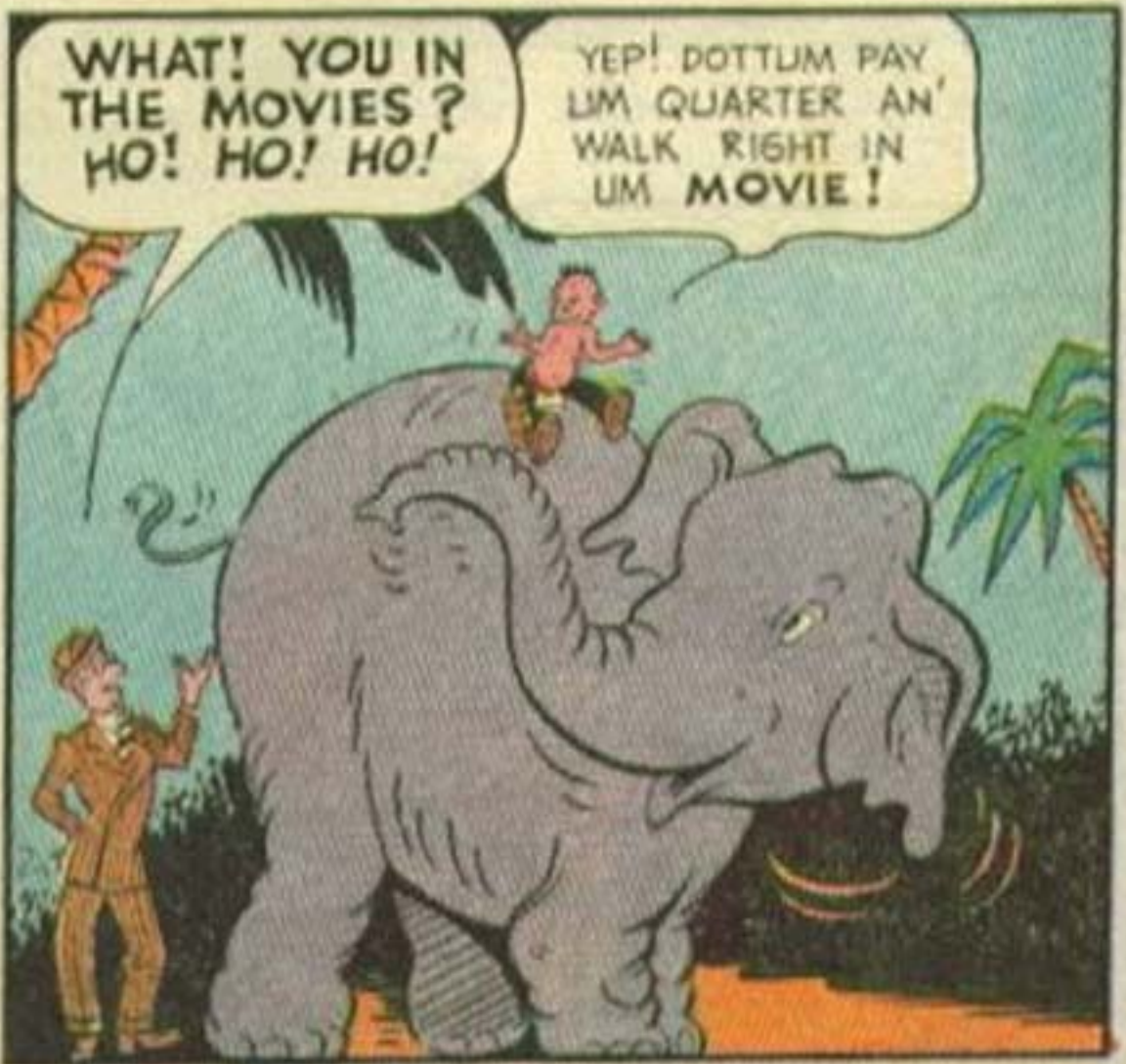
NO! NOT WATER THEM! RIDE THEM-- TALK TO THEM-- THIS ISN'T A CIRCUS THIS IS A MOVIE !!

OKAY! UGH! ME SAPU-- YOU HEAP BIG ELEPHANT, BOY!



UGH! YOU CAN'T ACT! WHY YOU PROBABLY NEVER SAW A MOVIE! LET ALONE BE IN ONE !!

DOTTUM WAS IN UM MOVIES ONCE!



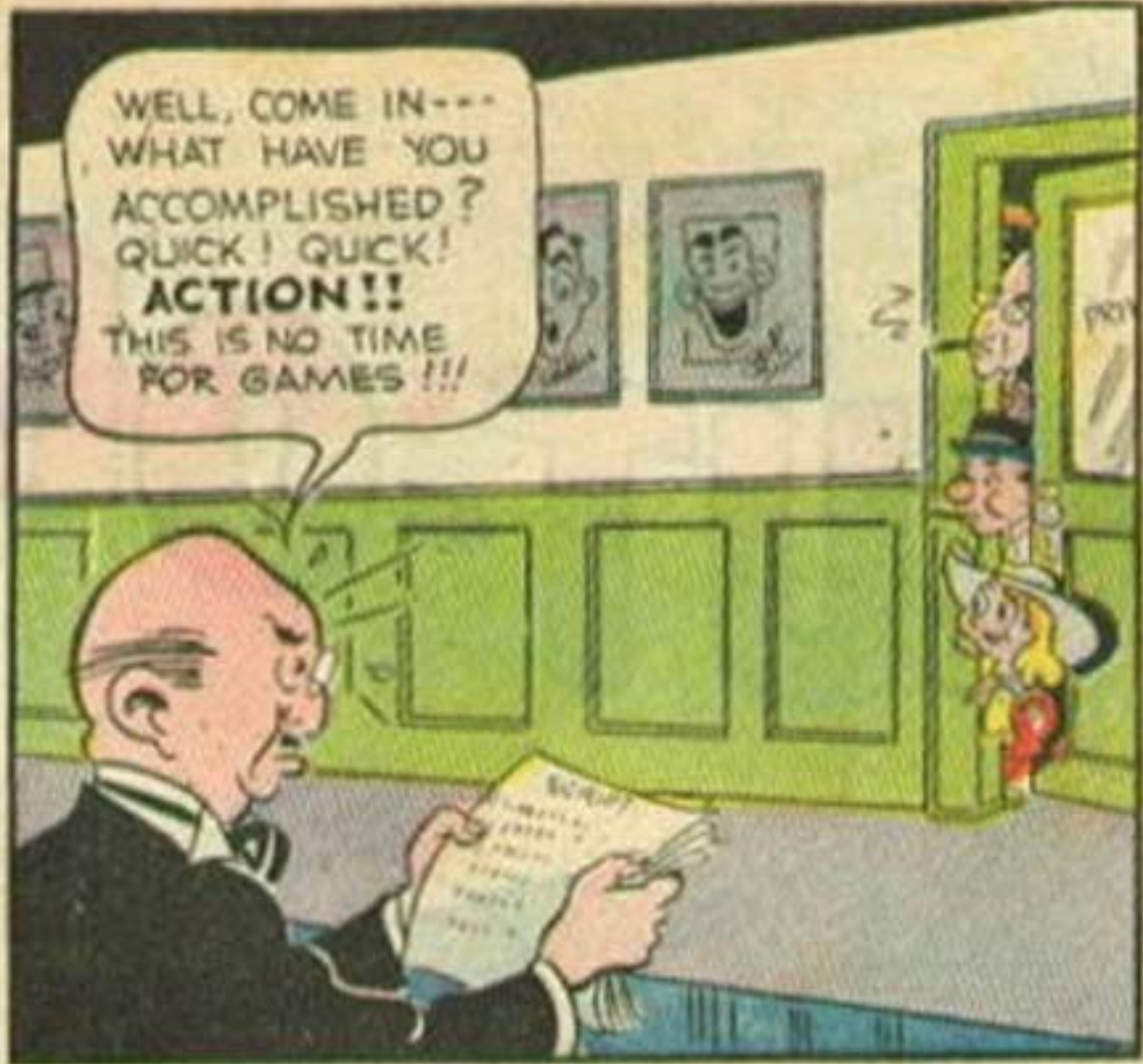
WHAT! YOU IN THE MOVIES? HO! HO! HO!

YEP! DOTTUM PAY UM QUARTER AN' WALK RIGHT IN UM MOVIE!



WHERE'S MY NEW SHIRLEY PIMPLE, AND CAST, FOR MY NEXT COLOSSAL PRODUCTION-- I WANT ACTION! WHAT'S THE BIG DELAY??

YES C.B.!



WELL, COME IN--- WHAT HAVE YOU ACCOMPLISHED? QUICK! QUICK! ACTION!! THIS IS NO TIME FOR GAMES!!!



WAAL, PODNUH, (SPAT) YO' SEE AH'VE SHO' ACCOMPLISHED SUMPIN WITH DOTTY, EH?

DITTO, YOU--  
BLANKETY BLANK!  
DITTO, PODNUH!

UGH! ME GOTTUM HEAP BIG INJUN ELEPHANT BOY READY FOR UM PICTURE, TOO! UGH!

PING!

YETH, THEE B!!

OWWWW!!!



UGH! WHERE'S UM ASPIRINS? QUICK !!  
I cee UGH! UGH!!

COMIN' RIGHT UP, PODNUH!



DITTO, THTOP THWEARING, PODNUH, NOW LETS BE CALM-- UGH! ACTION ACTION! QUICK! (GULP) GETTUM ANOTHER BOTTLE OF ASPIRINS!! GULP! UGH!

LET'S HOPE C.B. DON'T HAVE A NERVOUS COLLAPSE BEFORE THE PICTURE IS STARTED!! BE ON THE SET WITH DOTTY AND DITTO NEXT ISSUE! AND DONT FORGET! BUY WAR BONDS!!!

**W**HILE WE'RE WAITING TO SEE  
WHAT HAPPENS TO DOTTY  
AND DITTO IN HOLLYWOOD  
LET'S TAKE OUR SCISSORS  
AND PLAY WITH THESE

# CUT-OUTS <sup>of</sup> DOTTUM

DOTTUM  
HEAP BIG  
INJUN  
CHIEF!



CUT ALONG  
DOTTED LINE  
AND PLACE  
INDIAN BONNET  
ON DOTTUM'S  
HEAD.



THESE CUTOUTS OF  
DOTTUM SUGGESTED  
BY JACKIE COBLE  
AND NANCY  
POGGEMEYER,  
PERRYSBURG, OHIO.

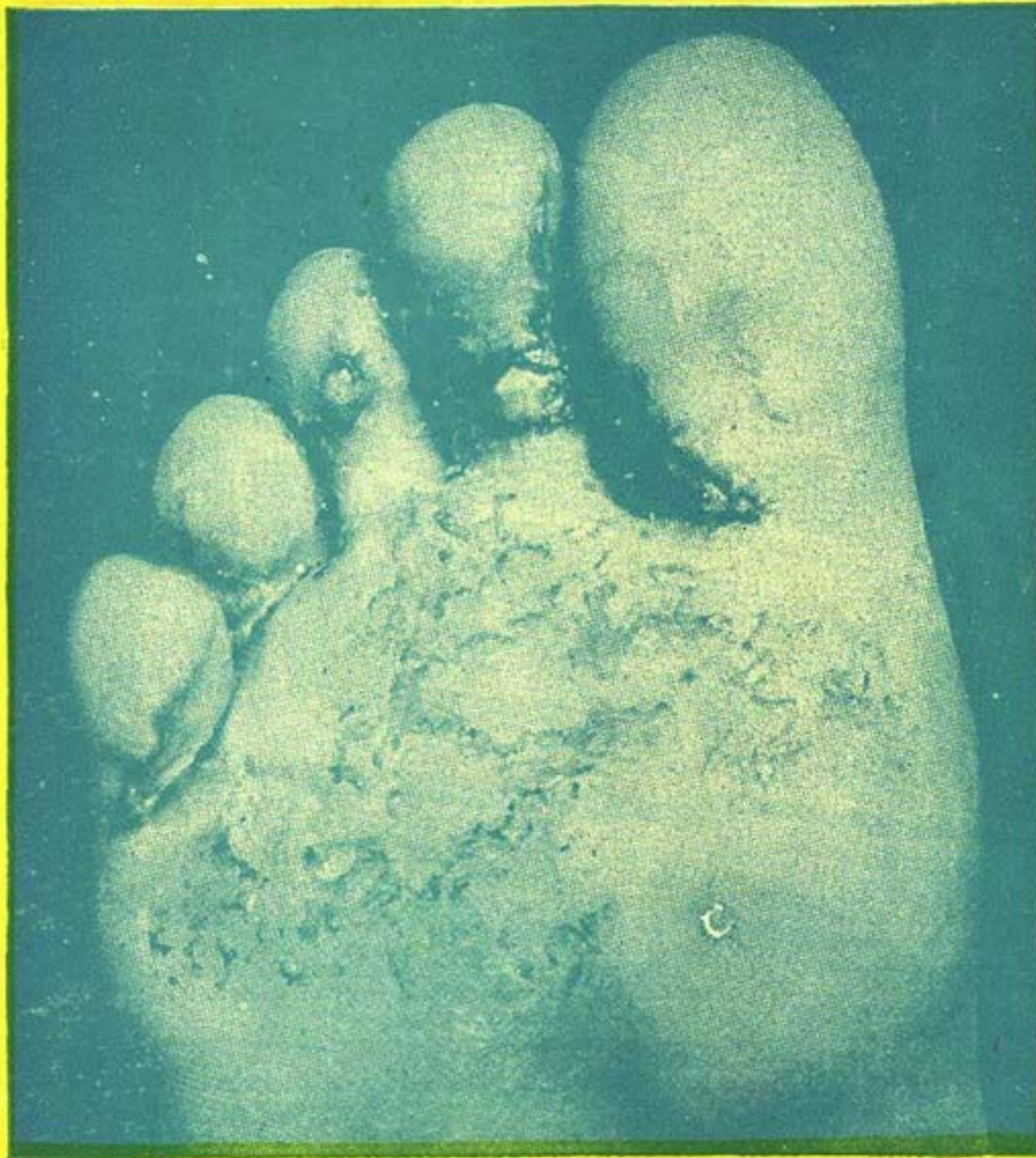


**S**END IN YOUR CUTOUT IDEAS TO  
"DOTTY AND DITTO" M. L. J. MAGAZINES,  
160 WEST BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.



# FOOT ITCH

## ATHLETE'S FOOT



### WHY TAKE CHANCES?

The germ that causes the disease is known as Tinea Trichophyton. It buries itself deep in the tissues of the skin and is very hard to kill. A test made shows it takes 15 minutes of boiling to destroy the germ, whereas, upon contact, laboratory tests show that H. F. will kill the germ Tinea Trichophyton within 15 seconds.

H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of relieving Athlete's foot. It is a liquid that penetrates and dries quickly. You just paint the affected parts. H. F. gently peels the skin, which enables it to get to parasites which exist under the outer cuticle.

### ITCHING OFTEN RELIEVED QUICKLY

As soon as you apply H. F. you may find that the itching is relieved. You should paint the infected part with H. F. night and morning until your feet are better. Usually this takes from three to ten days.

H. F. should leave the skin soft and smooth. You may marvel at the quick way it brings you relief. It costs you nothing to try, so if you are troubled with Athlete's Foot why wait a day longer.

### H. F. SENT ON FREE TRIAL

Sign and mail the coupon, and a bottle of H. F. will

be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money; don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help you, we know you will be glad to send us \$1 for the bottle at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign and mail the coupon today.



## PAY NOTHING TILL RELIEVED

### Send Coupon

At least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form, and the skin cracks and peels. After a while the itching becomes intense, and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

## BEWARE OF IT SPREADING

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get relief from this disease as quickly as possible, because it is very contagious, and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

**GORE PRODUCTS, Inc.**  
810 Perdido St., New Orleans, La. A

Please send me immediately a bottle of H. F. for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better, I will send you \$1. If I am not entirely satisfied, I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE.....